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ART. I.—RICHARD BAXTER.

1. *The Practical Works of the REV. RICHARD BAXTER, with a Life of the Author, and a Critical Examination of his Writings, by the REV. WILLIAM ORME.* London. 1830. 23 vols.
2. *Bibliotheca Sacra.* Vol. IX. No. 33, Art. VI.; No. 34, Art. IV.

THE "Great English Rebellion" was not a dispute between ruler and subject upon mere matters of government. It was not simply a contest between Charles and the Parliament, in which the people took sides. Nor was it altogether an uprising of one class against another, — the oppressed against the oppressor. Graver themes even than these entered into the contest. Subjects which pertain to man's profoundest experience, and to his highest aspiration, were brought prominently forward. The English nation found itself engaged in a discussion of the most momentous questions, — of life, of death, of Divine decrees, of human destiny. The commonest soldier in the ranks, and the humblest peasant, — the ablest general, and the most powerful noble, — were alike moved by the great contention. All Europe looked on in amazement at a civil war fomented by theological disputes, and carried on in the name of religion. A king beheaded, an established dynasty overthrown in the shortest possible time, a commonwealth instituted, peace secured, internal commotions pacified, external foes subdued or awed to silence and submission, a Protestant state only waiting for a general war in Europe to demolish

utterly the Roman Church, — these were events of the greatest magnitude to have occurred under the direction of fanatical iconoclasts, ignorant Round-heads, austere Reformers, and psalm-singing Puritans! The civilized world has learned that there was an irresistible power beneath the surface of Puritanism, though upon that surface there might have been many objects of ridicule and scorn.

Prominent among the thinkers and disputants of that memorable time was Richard Baxter. He was not a Puritan, neither was he altogether a Churchman. He was not a Round-head, neither did he belong to the Cavaliers. He did not sympathize with the King in all his acts, nor did he cordially espouse the cause of the Parliament. He was in some favor with Cromwell, and he received the offer of a bishopric from Charles II. He did not approve the doings of the Commonwealth, nor did he heartily support the Restoration through all its days. In our time his name is honored with the utmost veneration by a very large portion of the Protestant Church, and his character is held in the highest estimation by all parties as a man of sincere piety and devout life. Yet the above statement does not seem wholly to harmonize with this reputation. It is a question of some importance, whether Baxter was a trimmer between the two parties in the state, or whether he was too independent to be connected with either. Reminding our readers of Macaulay's forcible definition of a "trimmer upon principle," as he describes the character of Halifax, we shall inquire, as we follow Baxter's life, whether he were or were not one of this class.

The brilliant distinctions regarding "trimming" which Macaulay partly makes for Halifax and partly borrows from him, may be applied with simply a change of phraseology to religious men and religious movements, as well as to politicians and statesmanship. It is hardly to be supposed that the most thoroughly religious person has become entirely exempt from the laws which direct the operations of human nature. Regeneration itself, wide as may be its effects, does not abrogate the statutes of the soul. A religious revolution will be found to be influenced, in some degree at least, by the dictates of worldly policy. We can readily understand how easily there

may be religious "trimmers," who, by successful management, succeed in standing between opposing sects, and by courting both sides secure a favorable hearing. They may be perfectly sincere. Their position may be taken with the genuine desire to harmonize differences and make peace between contending parties. They seek some middle ground, where the two extremes of truth may touch each other. They hold themselves neutral, as spectators of the combat, rather than participants in it. We cannot call them vacillating, for vacillation betrays a want of purpose. But the religious "trimmers" order their conduct upon principle. Without a formal committal to either side, they desire the approbation of both. They wish to be counted with the majority, while yet they dislike to disconnect themselves from the minority. They hold on with one hand to the skirts of the prominent party in the Church, while they stretch out the other hand behind them to the weaker body. It is true, they gain the confidence of neither, and run the hazard of being deserted and cast aside by both. It is true, that the place which they occupy is precarious and slippery. But they, at least, are sure of exemption from interference, and the religious calisthenics necessary to hold their ground may be a good discipline for the mind. They have not only the commonplaces of the selfish Horace, but, if Scripturally versed, they remember the language of Paul, "all things to all men."

Nevertheless, the instinctive judgment of mankind will prefer an independent, decided course, even though it be unsuccessful. The stuff that heroes and martyrs are made of is not that yielding character which bends at the pressure of every circumstance. A true man courts no approval from any party. He prefers his own convictions to the rules of authority. He fights the battles of his own truth. His place is not uncertain. His position is not unintelligible. He seeks no golden mean. He strikes no balance of opposing advantages. He asks no favor, while he fears no frown. If men praise, it is well. Success is brighter by his faithful use of its opportunities. Failure is transformed to victory by his patient endurance. He bravely lives, if necessary he bravely dies, for his truth; his example and his blood become the silent force of the mighti-

est movements. Cowper's "reflection" is better than the original ode of Horace which he translates.

"And is this all! Can reason do no more
Than bid me shun the deep, and dread the shore?
Sweet moralist! Afloat on life's rough sea,
The Christian has an art unknown to thee:
He holds no parley with unmanly fears;
Where duty bids, he confidently steers,
Faces a thousand dangers at her call,
And, trusting in his God, surmounts them all."

Which was the position of the subject of our sketch? The chronological order and the events of his life were as follows.

RICHARD BAXTER was born at Rowton, in the county of Shropshire, England, on the 12th day of November, in the year of our Lord 1615. The first ten years of his life were spent with his grandfather, Richard Adeney. Baxter's father was a freeholder, and possessor of a moderate estate, but compelled to frugality, to release his property from embarrassment caused by gambling debts incurred in youth. With frugality came repentance. When Richard came more directly under his father's influence, it was to receive from him the most practical religious instruction. The parent knew the world and what it was worth. He also knew the power of religious principle, and could teach with better effect from his thorough acquaintance with both sides of the subject. The boy had the usual experience of boyhood. He would tell falsehoods, steal fruit, had the usual amount of boyish levity and fondness of sport, was occasionally arrogant in his own opinion, and sometimes disobeyed his parents. But he had the good sense to see the folly of all these things, and firmness enough to overcome them. At home, Baxter fared sufficiently well, for his father was serious, dignified, and religious in life and doctrine. But abroad, his education seems to have been imperfectly conducted. From six to ten years of age he was under the care of "four successive curates of the parish, two of whom never preached, and the other two, who had the most learning, drank themselves to beggary, and then left the place." At ten years of age he came under the influence of Sir William Rogers, an octogenarian, blind incumbent of two livings,

who never preached, and depended upon his memory to recite the prayers. For reading the lessons, "he employed a common laborer one year, a tailor another; and at last his own son, the best stage-player and gamester in all the country, got orders, and supplied one of his places." One of the curates of this man, who succeeded another who had been officiating with forged orders, became Baxter's schoolmaster. He had been a "lawyer's clerk, but hard drinking had driven him from that profession, and he turned curate for a piece of bread. He preached only once in Baxter's time, and then he was drunk!" His next instructor was of a better and graver character, but he spent his time, not in teaching, but in talking against the Puritans. The teacher who followed was a more respectable man, and a fair scholar. Afterwards, Baxter became a single pupil of Richard Wickstead, chaplain to the council at Ludlow. Here was an opportunity for reading, which was gladly enjoyed. "Bunny's Resolution," Sibbs's "Bruised Reed," Perkins "On Repentance," "Living and Dying Well," and "The Government of the Tongue," were his intellectual and spiritual pabulum. At fourteen, he was confirmed by Bishop Morton in a slovenly and unimpressive manner. Still later, he escaped from a habit of gaming by an extraordinary run of good luck, which he thought an enticement of the Devil. Received into the Church, and free from evil habits, he turned his attention to preparation for the ministry, towards which he had a predilection. Practical theology, first in the best English books, then in foreign systems of divinity, he pursued with ardor, yet with many disadvantages. Of Hebrew, Greek, and Latin he knew but little, having never received an education at any university, or been trained to study these languages by himself. Logic and metaphysics were his delight. Mathematics were always distasteful. Thus passed his life, with occasional sickness, till his eighteenth year, when he went up to London. Court life, to which he was introduced by the father of one of his schoolmates, was very repugnant to him, and he returned home, in season to receive his mother's dying blessing and counsel. More confirmed in his purpose than ever, he applied himself with renewed diligence to his theological studies. At the age of twenty-three, in the year 1638,

he was ordained by Bishop Thornborough, and received a license to preach, and teach a school at Dudley. He immediately commenced his labors with diligence and zeal. Just then his attention was more particularly directed to the subject of non-conformity. Episcopacy he thoroughly believed in, but doubted as to the propriety of wearing a surplice. The ring in marriage he did not scruple, but deemed the cross in baptism unlawful. He could not allow profane persons or drunkards to partake of the communion, nor could he subscribe that there was nothing contrary to the Word of God in the articles and homilies, though he approved of the liturgy. In the three points, the use of the sign of the cross at baptism, an open communion, and subscription, he was a non-conformist. Yet, holding these opinions, he kept them to himself, and opposed, in open argument, the non-conformists of the time. After preaching a year at Dudley, he removed to Bridgnorth, and officiated there as assistant minister. Here he had the opportunity of preaching without committing himself, for he could leave to his principal the duties which he could not conscientiously perform, while he could engage in the usual services of an assistant. Doubtless there were many clergymen in the English Establishment who shared the opinions of Baxter. They retained their position, performed their duties, and were generally faithful men, but could not conform in all points to Church usages. They generally received the name of Presbyterians. They desired to reform the evil practices and dissolute habits into which too many of the English clergymen had fallen. Had the Church been wise, it would have retained these men, the early representatives of that Broad Church party which is giving new life to the Anglican Church in our day. But the Establishment felt itself strong. It became arrogant. It drove out the Puritans. It persecuted the non-conformists. If anything was needed to alienate the moderate men like Baxter, it came in the form of what was called the "*Et-cetera* Oath." This oath formed part of certain canons enacted by a convocation held at London and York, in 1640. The most objectionable clause in it was the following: "Nor will I ever consent to alter the government of this Church by archbishops, bishops, deans, archdeacons, &c., as

it stands now established, and ought to stand." The resistance which the Scotch made to the attempt to impose the Liturgy on them excited, also, great sympathy in Baxter and his friends. They still, however, remained connected with the English Church, contenting themselves with abjuring the *Et cetera* oath, and refusing to pray for the success of the English in the conflict in Scotland. The imposition of ship-money aroused discontents among the laymen, and the great struggle, so long impending between the crown and the people, began. The Long Parliament assembled. The party hostile to the King, and the party hostile to the Church, joined their forces, and the Parliament became the master of the country. As soon as an opportunity was given, the people poured in petitions and memorials, setting forth the ignorance and imbecility of the clergy, and desiring relief. Among others, a petition from Kidderminster represented the minister of the place — a Mr. Dance — to be "an ignorant and weak man, who preached but once a quarter, was a frequenter of alehouses, and sometimes drunk. His curate was a common tippler and drunkard, a railer, and trader in unlawful marriages." These bibulous divines, deservedly in bad odor among the people, were glad to compound the matter with their parishioners by the retiring of the curate, and the consent of the vicar to permit the people to choose their own preacher, while he should continue to read the prayers, and perform the usual parish work. A committee of fourteen was appointed, who selected Baxter as the man best suited to the place. He assented to their choice, and was appointed to the position, April 5, 1641. He removed to Kidderminster nearly a year before his appointment was legally made. Immediately upon the commencement of his preaching he attracted large and influential audiences, and formed dear friendships which lasted through life. Not without danger, however, did he accomplish his work. Some hated him because he preached the doctrine of original sin; some because he slightly inclined to the Parliamentary cause; some were only too willing to believe slanderous reports concerning his character. Baxter's inclinations seem to have been on the side of the Parliament. His loyalty to the State and the Church kept him upon the side of the King. Yet such was

the state of the times that moderation met with no favor, and Baxter, in 1642, withdrew from Kidderminster. At Alcester, where he preached October 23, 1642, he heard, while at church, the booming of the cannon at the battle of Edgehill. Just now he was in a very undecided state of mind. He knew not what course to take. He had no money and no friends. The soldiers of both sides were troublesome and furious. He judged it best to find some place of safety, and wait till the troubles were over. So he went to Coventry, where he had not resided long before the "committee and governor of the city," as he says, "desired me to stay with them, and lodge in the governor's house, and preach to the soldiers. The offer suited well with my necessities; but I resolved that I would not be chaplain to a regiment, nor take a commission; yet, if the preaching of a sermon once or twice a week to the garrison would satisfy them, I would accept the offer till I could go home again." Accordingly Baxter remained in this position about two years, preaching once a week to the soldiers, and on Sundays to the people, taking nothing from either but his "diet." Here, also, he "took the Covenant, and gave it to another, of which afterwards he bitterly repented." Here, too, he openly declared for the Parliament, publishing thirty-two reasons therefor. His preaching was devoted to controversial pleadings against the Anabaptists and the Separatists. With an Anabaptist minister he had a dispute, "first by word of mouth, and afterwards in writing. In conclusion, about a dozen poor townsmen were carried away; but the soldiers and the rest of the city were kept sound from all infection of sectaries and dividers." Another conclusion was that Baxter's opponent was imprisoned, as some say by Baxter's instigation, though he himself denies it. Still another conclusion was the formation of a vigorous Baptist church at Coventry, which has existed there ever since.

While these things were occurring in Coventry, Cromwell was rapidly rising to be the chief man, both in the Parliamentary army and in the state. While he lay at Cambridge with his famous troop, he, with his officers, sent an invitation to Baxter to join him. This Baxter refused to do, declining the summons in no very friendly tone. He reproved their at-

tempt, and told them expressly that his judgment "was against the lawfulness and convenience of their way." After the battle of Naseby, where Cromwell's soldiers were victorious, Baxter found it convenient to change his purpose, and went from Coventry into the camp, to ascertain the character of the army. We quote his own language: —

"We that lived quietly at Coventry kept to our own principles, and thought all others had done so too. Except a very few inconsiderable persons, we were unfeignedly for King and Parliament. We believed that the war was only to save the Parliament and kingdom from Papists and delinquents, and to remove the dividers, that the King might again return to his Parliament; and that no changes might be made in religion, but by the laws which had his free consent. We took the true happiness of King and people, Church and State, to be our end, and so we understand the Covenant, engaging both against Papists and schismatics. But when I came to the army, among Cromwell's soldiers I found a new face of things, which I never dreamt of. I heard the plotting heads very hot upon that which intimated their intention to subvert both Church and State."

There were some sober and honest men. But the soul of the army was composed of "proud, self-conceited, hot-headed sectaries." Independents, Anabaptists, Antinomians, and Arminians were abundant. Our unsophisticated Coventry preacher, who hardly knew what the civil war meant, found that there were men in the army who really thought the King was a tyrant, and an enemy, and who were determined "to master or to ruin him." Nay, they even went so far as to think, that, "if they might fight against him, they might also kill or conquer him." They were "far from thinking of a moderate episcopacy, or of any healing method between the Episcopalians and the Presbyterians." They were determined, "by law or without it, to take down, not only bishops and liturgy and ceremonies, but all who did withstand them." They were particularly bitter against "the Scots, and with them all Presbyterians, but especially the ministers, whom they called" — with a kind of grim, Puritanic humor — "priests and priestbyters, dryvines, and the dissembly men, and such like." Here was a field of missionary labor which Baxter was anxious to enter. There was also a fine opportunity for controversy,

towards which he was by no means indisposed. Having met with Colonel Whalley, "who was orthodox," and being invited by that officer to become chaplain to his regiment, Baxter returned to Coventry to consult his friends, and to deliberate upon the proposal. He called the ministers of the neighborhood together, told them of the condition of things at the camp, reminded them of the allegiance which they all owed to the King and to the Covenant, expressed the opinion that something should be done to hinder the rapid defection then in progress among the soldiers, and finally offered himself as the man to do it. They consented to dismiss him, the committee and governor confirmed their decision, and Baxter departed for the army, with the professed intention of doing what he could to win back the disaffected soldiers to their obedience to Church and State. The singular spectacle was presented of a preacher joining a revolutionary army to preach against revolution. How he was received let him tell.

"As soon as I came to the army, Oliver Cromwell coolly bade me welcome, and never spake one word to me more while I was there; nor once, all that time, vouchsafed me an opportunity to come to the head-quarters, where the councils and meetings of the officers were; so that most of my design was therefore frustrated. His secretary gave out that there was a reformer come to the army to undeceive them, and to save Church and State, with some other such jeers. But Colonel Whalley welcomed me, and was the worse thought of for it by the rest of the cabal."

Nevertheless, Baxter set to work with the best grace possible. He found some queer opinions, — "State-democracy and Church-democracy," anti-liturgy, anti-infant-baptism, Antinomianism, and, what troubled him greatly, liberty of conscience. All these he combated. Most "frequent and vehement" were the disputes about "liberty of conscience, as they called it; that is, that the civil magistrate had nothing to do to determine anything in matters of religion, by constraint or restraint; but every man might not only hold, but preach and do, in matters of religion, what he pleased." Baxter was no friend to this "heresy," and ardently opposed it. Yet it was one of the chief subjects of discussion in the army of Cromwell, and continued to be prominent in English thought

and speech, with occasional interruptions, for two centuries. Its triumph was at last achieved, and under George IV. it was incorporated into the English law. Baxter's own account would imply that he had no easy time in his work among the soldiers. His controversies were frequent and elaborate. On one occasion he disputed "from morning till almost night" with some "sectaries of Chesham." During the two years that he remained with the army, he seems to have accomplished little. Cromwell discountenanced his labors, and he became a somewhat insignificant member of the company. It was a brave thing for him to do, and his courage and faith, in the midst of all his disappointments, merit exceeding praise. Had he been sustained by other ministers, he thought that he might have broken up the plot against the state, and saved "the King, Parliament, and religion." But he was alone, and the course of events was too rapid for a single man to stem. He did not understand that the movement was not upon the surface, but beneath it. He might, with as reasonable a hope of success, have attempted to quench a volcano's fires, or stop the resistless progress of a mountain glacier. Towards the latter part of his stay with the army, he wrote his "Aphorisms," and "The Saints' Everlasting Rest," — the latter book as fresh and vigorous in our day as when first published, and destined for a longer life still. Baxter's estimate of the army was, doubtless, colored by his prejudices. Sprigge, the author of "*Anglia Rediviva*," and chaplain to Fairfax, gives a very different account.

"The officers of the army," says this writer, "were such as knew little more of war than our own unhappy war had taught them, except some few. Indeed, I may say, they were better Christians than soldiers, wiser in faith than in fighting; and could believe a victory sooner than contrive it. Many of the officers, with their men, were much engaged in prayer and reading the Scriptures; and so they went on and prospered. Men conquer better as they are saints than soldiers; and in the counties where they came, they left something of God as well as of Cæsar behind them; something of piety as well as pay."

The Puritan, though he loved theological disputations, and set his face against the authority of Church and State, and was a bitter iconoclast, was still a God-fearing man, with the stern-

est sense of justice, which made him almost as impervious to mercy as he was incapable of fear. Baxter, who was moderate and mild, and disposed to go to no extreme, could not really understand this. He was a conservative reformer, who preferred to stay in the Church and in the State, to rectify their abuses, repair their defects, and improve their character. He could not go outside to batter down the old walls, clear away the rubbish, and build a new edifice upon the site.

The immediate cause of Baxter's removal from the army was a violent bleeding at the nose, which so reduced his strength as to render retirement absolutely necessary. After three months' repose, he returned to Kidderminster.

During Baxter's residence at Coventry, the Westminster Assembly of Divines met. His opinion respecting that body is interesting. He regarded the members as "men of eminent learning, godliness, ministerial abilities, and fidelity." "Yet," said he, "highly as I honor the men, I am not of their mind in every part of the government which they would have set up. Some words in their Catechism I wish had been more clear." He also wished that more had been done to "heal our breaches," and "unite with the Episcopalians and Independents," or to establish some platform upon which all the religious bodies of the country could have stood and labored together for the public weal. Baxter's estimate, it will be seen, is different from that of Clarendon, who called some of the divines "infamous in their lives and conversations, and most of them of very mean parts in learning, if not of scandalous ignorance"; and also from that of Milton, who, exasperated by the reception of his book on Divorce by the Presbyterian clergy, attacked the ministers and their people with great severity, declaring that "there hath not been a more ignominious and mortal wound to faith, to piety, to the work of reformation, nor more cause of blaspheming given to the enemies of God and truth, since the first preaching of the Reformation," than that inflicted by these "teachers and their disciples."

Baxter resided at Kidderminster fourteen years, from 1646 to 1660, with a compensation of about ninety pounds per annum, with the addition of the rent of two or three small rooms

for his lodgings and library. His preaching here was very successful. So numerous became his congregations, that they "were fain to build five galleries" for their accommodation, in a church which was already "very capacious and most commodious and convenient." Baxter, with great simplicity and frankness, tells the reasons of his success, which it may be beneficial to some of our clerical readers to know.

"One advantage was, that I came to a people who never had any awakening ministry before, but a few formal, cold sermons from the curate; for if they had been hardened under a powerful ministry, and been sermon proof, I should have expected little. I was then, also, in the vigor of my spirits, and had naturally a familiar, moving voice. Another advantage was, that most of the bitter enemies of godliness in the town had gone out into the wars, into the king's armies, and were quickly killed."

The change effected by the success of the wars is also cited.

"For my part, I bless God, who gave me, even under an usurper whom I opposed, such liberty and advantage to preach his Gospel with success as I cannot have under a king to whom I have sworn and performed true subjection and obedience." "Another advantage which I found was the acceptance of my person among the people." "Our unity and concord were a great advantage to us; and our freedom from those sects and heresies with which many other places were infected." "Our private meetings were a marvellous help to the propagating of holiness." "Another thing which advantaged us was some public disputations which we had with gainsayers." "Another advantage was the honesty and diligence of my assistants, and the presence and countenance of honest justices of the peace."

He mentions, also, the relief which he afforded to the poor; the presentation of some of his books, and copies of the Bible; the occupation of the people, who were weavers, and could "set a book before them as they stood at their looms."

"Freeholders and tradesmen," he says, "are the strength of religion and civility in the land; and gentlemen and beggars and servile tenants are the strength of iniquity." "I found, also, that my single life afforded me much advantage; for I could easier take my people for children, in that I had no children of my own."

His practice of physic helped him much, as he could appeal

to the gratitude of his hearers. "Personal conferences," "church discipline," the "suitableness" of his preaching to the dispositions and diseases of his congregation are alluded to.

"Yet I did usually put in something in my sermon which was above their own discovery, and which they had not known before; and this I did that they might be kept humble, and still perceive their ignorance, and be willing to keep in a learning state. For when preachers tell their people of no more than they know, and do not show that they excel them in knowledge, and scarcely overtop them in abilities, the people will be tempted to turn preachers themselves, and think that they have learned all that the ministers can teach them, and are as wise as they." "Another thing that helped me was my not meddling with tithes, or worldly business, whereby I had my whole time for my duty, and also I escaped the offending of the people." "Finally, it much furthered my success that I stayed still in this one place, near two years before the wars, and above fourteen years after; for he that removeth oft from place to place may sow good seed in many places, but is not likely to see much fruit in any, unless some other skilful hand shall follow him to water it."

Besides preaching at home, Baxter felt obliged to help some of the "poor, weak preachers, who had no great skill in divinity or zeal for godliness; but preached weekly that which is true, and lived in no gross, notorious sin." He engaged with some others, having received "about thirty pounds" from London, to furnish assistance to these poor preachers, by giving them an occasional supply, or what our clerical friends now term "a labor of love." "Four worthy men" were chosen, who, in order not to give offence, were "sometimes to go to abler men's congregations."

While Baxter was thus living peacefully at Kidderminster, "where he published his *"Saints' Rest,"* *"Call to the Unconverted,"* and other works less familiar to readers of our time, events of the greatest magnitude were occurring in the nation. Charles I. had been pronounced, by a revolutionary tribunal, "a tyrant, a traitor, a murderer, and a public enemy; and his head was severed from his shoulders, before thousands of spectators, in front of the banqueting-hall of his own palace." Cromwell, by the help of his army, had become Lord Protector. A kingdom had been subverted, a nominal common-

wealth established. The course of events soon made it manifest that Cromwell was the State. His energy made itself felt all over Europe, and having thus, as he supposed, established his authority, in due time he paid the debt of nature, leaving the Protectorate to his son Richard. But the father's genius for ruling died with him, Richard succumbed to the reaction in favor of royalty, the Stuart family was reinstated, and Charles II., amid numerous and enthusiastic plaudits, mounted the throne.

Baxter's opinion of these various measures is on record. He was at no time a partisan of Cromwell, but rather acquiesced in his rule for the sake of peace. The declaration which he makes is characteristic.

"I did seasonably and moderately, by preaching and printing, condemn the usurpation, and the deceit which was the means to bring it to pass. I did in open conference declare Cromwell, and his adherents, to be guilty of treason, aggravated by perfidiousness and hypocrisy. But yet I did not think it my duty to rave against him in the pulpit, or to do this so unseasonably and imprudently as might irritate him to mischief."

Baxter afterwards modified his opinion, and acknowledged that there were "many honest, pious men" among Cromwell's soldiers and adherents. Cromwell seems not to have given himself much care respecting Baxter's opposition, and even showed him marks of confidence. He probably thought, with his usual shrewdness, that there was not much danger to be apprehended from a man who was not willing to preach in public what he thought in private. Baxter was appointed one of a commission to revise the fundamental articles of religion, which, however, accomplished little. He was also invited to preach before Cromwell, when he took his text from 1 Cor. i. 10, and delivered a discourse "against the divisions and distractions of the Church, showing the necessity and means of union." Afterwards, he was honored with one or two conferences with "the Lord Protector," when Baxter gave him his opinion in writing, which Cromwell, however, did not take the trouble of reading. Baxter acknowledged the ability of Cromwell, and rejoiced over the improved condition of the nation during his administration. But he was still at heart a royalist, and

he welcomed the Restoration. When General Monk marched to London, Baxter went up to congratulate him upon his success. Other events followed. The new Parliament appointed "a day of fasting and prayer for themselves." Baxter was one of the ministers selected to preach before the House of Commons on the occasion. He urged the duties of loyalty and concord. "The next morning after this day of fasting, the Parliament unanimously voted home the King." The city of London appointed a day of thanksgiving. Baxter was desired to preach in St. Paul's. He delivered a discourse on "the value of the mercy" obtained, and "the right bounds and qualifications of the joy" exhibited. The sermon was preached May 10, 1660, and is published in Vol. XVII. of his "Works," under the title of "Right Rejoicing." "The moderate were pleased with it," he says; "the fanatics were offended with me for keeping such a thanksgiving; and the diocesan party thought I did suppress their joy." The allusions in the sermon to political matters are very brief and moderate. The biographer of Baxter sums up the conduct of his hero in the following words: "Baxter's conduct during the several changes which have been noticed, does credit to his conscientiousness rather than to his wisdom." We should use different words, but let that pass.

"He acted with the Parliament, but maintained the rights of the King. He enjoyed the benefits of the Protectorate, but spoke and reasoned against the Protector. He hailed the return of Charles, but doubted whether he was free from allegiance to Richard. The craft and duplicity of Cromwell he detected and exposed; but the gross dissimulation and heartless indifference of Charles to everything except his own gratification, it was long before he could be persuaded to believe. Speculations *de jure* and *de facto* often occupied and distracted his mind, and fettered his conduct, while another man would have formed his opinions on a few obvious principles and facts, and have done, both as a subject and a Christian, all that circumstances and the Scriptures required."

Baxter never returned to Kidderminster as the minister of the parish. He made several attempts to regain his place, but the vicar would not consent to his coming, and for a time he resided in London. Here he became interested in Mr. John

Eliot's enterprise in America, of converting the Indians, and was instrumental in securing a fund, which, collected in Cromwell's time, had been sequestrated at the Restoration. By Baxter's exertion a new charter was procured for the corporation having the fund in trust, and a suit at law determined in its favor. He was also appointed one of the King's chaplains. He had several conferences with Charles respecting a plan of union among the different churches. Nothing, however, came of them, as it was found that the King and his chaplain did not agree upon all points. So high was Baxter in the confidence of Charles at this time, that the bishopric of Hereford was offered to his acceptance. Baxter could not at once decide upon the subject, but at last determined to decline the position, as he feared that, in the future, he might be called upon to perform some act of injustice against the non-conformists. He was somewhat distrustful of the King's professed liberality, and, desiring to be saved from any obligation of obedience to the enactments which might subsequently be passed, he preferred remaining in a private position. Although he declined, he persuaded his friend, Dr. Reynolds, holding opinions the same with his own, to accept the bishopric of Norwich.

Soon after this, what was called the Savoy Conference was held, for the purpose of reviewing the Liturgy, that it might better satisfy the non-conformists. The Archbishop of York, and eleven bishops, were on one side; the newly appointed Bishop of Norwich, and eleven non-conformist ministers, on the other. The commission was in existence three months, with occasional sessions. The first meeting was held at Savoy, the residence of the Bishop of London, whence the conference took its name. The conservative party demanded that the non-conformists should present their objections, and make known their wishes. Baxter prepared a reformed Liturgy, and submitted it to his party. It is well worthy the attention of those interested in liturgical services. We have wondered that it has never been reprinted in our times. It was agreed to lay it before the bishops. The conference met, the subject was debated, but no satisfactory conclusion was reached. The conference was dissolved, and the Liturgy remained the

same. The first step towards union and reform had signally failed.

It is not difficult at this time to understand the principles — if they deserve that name — that governed the policy of Charles. Had he been a man of truthfulness, honor, and integrity, his reign might have been the most brilliant in English history. He had every opportunity, and he shamefully abused it. Full of dissimulation and craft, a Roman Catholic in secret, so far as he can be said to have had any religion, he was in no way fitted to govern Protestant Englishmen. Add to this his carelessness respecting public affairs, and the grossness of his passions, and it is a matter of no great surprise that he should soon falsify his professions, especially respecting the religious condition of his kingdom, and permit the ultra-conservative branch of the English Church to shape the religious policy of the state. His declaration of liberality and the covenant against Papists were soon burned by the public hangman, and Baxter, with his non-conformist brethren, fell into great disfavor. An insurrection of the Fifth Monarchy men complicated affairs more seriously.

Baxter, meanwhile, could not obtain the situation at Kidderminster which he had left at the time of the Restoration. Nor could he obtain a license to preach in any diocese in the neighborhood of London. In the year 1662 the Act of Uniformity was passed, to take effect, by a significant coincidence, upon St. Bartholomew's day, August 24th. Two thousand ministers, whose consciences did not allow them to conform, lost their livings. "Episcopal ordination was now, for the first time, made an indispensable qualification for Church preferment." Parliament was filled with fanatical Cavaliers. True, it had precedents in the acts of the Commonwealth for much of its action. But Cromwell's government had ejected clergymen for unfitness and immorality, yet had allowed them a provision sufficient for their subsistence. The government of Charles expelled devout and faithful men for a mere difference of opinion, and left them to starve. The most severe statutes against the non-conformists followed. A justice of the peace, without a jury, could convict and banish from the country. Even New England was not intentionally allowed

for an asylum. A return before the expiration of the sentence would subject the offender to capital punishment. Non-conformist divines were "prohibited from coming within five miles of any town governed by a corporation, or represented in Parliament, or of any town where they had themselves resided," unless they would subscribe to certain test articles.

The effect of these measures could very soon be witnessed. Two thousand faithful men were at once deprived of their influence in the religious and moral instruction of the people. The preachers who took their places pandered to the tastes of the times. Licentiousness and immorality received no rebuke from the pulpit. No Puritan condemnation reached the ears of men in high places. The Church had lost her best support. Persecution of schismatics took the place of admonitions against vice. The ribaldry of the theatre received the sanction of the head of the Church. "It is an unquestionable and a most instructive fact," says Macaulay, "that the years during which the political power of the Anglican hierarchy was in the zenith were precisely the years during which national virtue was at the lowest point."

Baxter suffered in common with the rest of his brethren. His conscience would not suffer him to subscribe to the Act of Uniformity, and he preached his last sermon as a minister of the Church of England, May 25, 1662, twelve days after the act was passed by Parliament. It is to the disgrace of the moderate clergy that so many conformed to the act. Many more than two thousand remained in the Church, accepting the humiliating terms. Among them was more than one Vicar of Bray. They deserved the censure of Locke: "The clergy readily complied with the Bartholomew act; for that sort of men are taught rather to obey than understand, and to use that learning they have to justify, not to examine, what their superiors command." However willing Baxter might have been to compromise for the sake of peace, he was now thoroughly committed to the cause of non-conformity. He took no step backward. Thenceforward his life was spent for the cause of liberty of conscience, which once he had opposed.

On the 10th of September, 1662, at the age of forty-seven,

Baxter was married to Miss Margaret Charlton, whose age was twenty-three; a woman "of prudence, piety, justice, impartiality, and other virtues." Married life was commenced in a very sensible way. "She consented to these conditions of our marriage," said he; "first, that I should have nothing that before our marriage was hers; secondly, that she would so alter her affairs, that I might be entangled in no lawsuits; thirdly, that she would expect none of my time which my ministerial work would require." They lived "in inviolated love and mutual complacency nineteen years." Baxter's life was, however, very unsettled. Removals from place to place, lecturing and preaching when the vacillating policy of the government permitted, the terrible interludes of the plague and the great fire, in the midst of which persecution slept, and the non-conformist clergy did their duty like men, — make a history, which we must not follow in detail, of his active life. After the terrors of plague and fire, arrests for preaching, imprisonments, and the rest, followed again. Baxter was offered a Scotch bishopric by the government, who would have been glad to be rid of him, but he declined. They sent him a pension, but he sent it back. This mild policy changed. The Test Act was passed. The storm became blacker; but still Baxter preached, and with success, it would seem, at various places in the metropolis. What a picture of poor Mrs. Baxter's married life!

So passed the time till 1681, when she died. She had been from earliest youth devotedly attached to her husband. Before marriage she had loved him ardently, "and had almost killed herself in consequence of her effort to conceal" her affection. Her husband hints that "she had expected more from him than she found." He also declares that "she confessed she expected more sourness and bitterness than she experienced." She was a brave, sensible, and affectionate woman, and her death seemed an irreparable loss.

Old age had now come on, and Baxter, alone in the world, with a diseased and emaciated body, was surrounded with difficulties. Again and again was he apprehended, and his goods distrained. Bound over to keep the peace, he was arrested at every violation of the law. The death of Charles

in 1685, and the accession of James II., were calculated to increase the sufferings of the non-conformists. Jeffreys was a fit instrument of James's cruelty. As a man, he seemed to be afflicted with an incarnate diabolism. As a judge, he verified the saying of Plato, that "the worst injustice is that which is inflicted in the name of law." Baxter was an early object of his fury. On the 30th of May, 1685, Baxter was brought to trial for promulgating seditious falsehoods and treasonable doctrines in his "*Paraphrase of the New Testament.*" Baxter's biographer gives a very graphic account of the trial, but our limits will not permit us to make extracts. Suffice it, that Jeffreys treated the prisoner with the most brutal and profane vituperation, and did not even spare the counsel upon either side in his coarse invective. "Snivelling parson," "old block-head," "old knave," "fanatical dog," "hypocritical villain," and other epithets equally appropriate and elegant, were bandied about by the Chief Justice, as though he was among his pot-house companions, rather than in a court of law. His conduct showed, as that of many of his profession since, that the judiciary is brought into deeper contempt by judges themselves than by the action of any other power. Baxter was convicted, as a matter of course. He "was fined five hundred marks, condemned to lie in prison till he paid it, and bound to his good behavior for seven years." Jeffreys would have had him whipped through the city, but the associate justices would not consent to a punishment which would have reflected such lasting disgrace upon themselves. Eighteen months' imprisonment was borne by Baxter with great fortitude. When it was seen that he would not pay the fine, an application was made to James for his release. The King, now in straits on account of his known adherence to Papacy, granted the application, hoping to secure the sympathy of the non-conformists. On the 24th of November, 1686, Baxter was discharged; but he was compelled to give bonds for future good behavior.

The second great English revolution was fast approaching. It would not have been possible without the Commonwealth. Cromwell and his companions had shared the fate of all reformers so radical as themselves, but their appeal lay to the tribunal of posterity, and the seat of everlasting justice.

William occupied a throne which was all the more firm because Cromwell had shaken it so rudely. His accession was the deliverance of the Dissenters. Though Parliament refused to repeal the Test Act, or to allow any enactment comprehending the non-conformists within the pale of the Established Church, it yet passed a Toleration Act, by which "the dissenters, on taking the oaths to government, and subscribing thirty-five and a half of the Thirty-nine Articles, should be placed under the full protection of the law." Baxter, after drawing up an explanation of the Articles, with his friends, accepted the proposition, and subscribed. Presbyterianism no longer existed in England.

Baxter's infirmities now increased, and his death drew nigh. He had lived through three quarters of a century, the most prolific of great events of any in English history. Most of these events he had witnessed. A great part of some of them he had been. The time had come when he was to mingle in the scenes of a higher and holier life. His last sermon was preached in extreme feebleness of body, so that "he almost died in the pulpit." Soon after he was confined to his bed, and "on Tuesday morning, about four o'clock, December 8, 1691," at the age of seventy-six years and twenty-six days, Richard Baxter closed his bodily eyes for ever, and opened the eyes of the spirit on a world where "there is no night." Persecution, judicial brutality, royal cruelty, could now affect him no more. He slept in peace; he awoke in glory.

Through the greater part of his life he was subject to the most painful physical infirmities. In his earliest years he was attacked by diseases from whose effects he was never entirely free. Small-pox, catarrh, cough, hemorrhage, rheumatism, dropsy,—in his later years, strangularia and stone,—with other ails, tormented him sorely. From first to last, no less than thirty-six physicians exercised their skill upon him. "He was diseased literally from head to foot," and lived in almost constant pain. If he was peevish, irritable, and acrid in temper, much is to be excused on account of his physical condition. If his controversial writings were tinctured with bitterness, it is to be remembered that his disposition was affected by his unsoundness of body. The great tenacity with which

he clung to life, and the endurance of his constitution, increased his sufferings. At the last these were intensely severe, and death was welcomed as a relief.

Notwithstanding his physical debility, his intellectual vigor was marvellous. He was one of the most prolific writers of his time. No less than one hundred and sixty-eight works were the product of his pen. Sermons, controversial pamphlets, defences of the non-conformist movement, devotional volumes, attacks upon Popery, appeals for Church unity, were written and published with great rapidity. Most of his writings have indeed passed out of general remembrance, and are of little value except as parts of the history of religious thought. His devotional books seem to have the longest life. His "Saints' Everlasting Rest," and his "Call to the Unconverted," have been published and read in an abridged form in immense numbers. They were among his earliest works. The "Saints' Rest" was the first book he wrote, and the second which he published. It was written in the early times of the Revolution, when all England was convulsed by the movements of the period. While all around him were wild with excitement, Baxter, confined by illness, cast his thoughts forward to a more quiet sphere of existence, and calmly wrote of eternal repose. Many touching and beautiful passages occur in the book, and it has been a source of consolation and helpful strength to millions. His "Call to the Unconverted" is a stirring and effective appeal. We can by no means agree with many of the propositions on which he bases his exhortations, but all must admire the earnestness and zeal with which he presses the truths of which he has so firm a conviction.

It is a singular fact, that Baxter himself could not fix upon any definite time when he became convinced that he was a converted man. This uncertainty sometimes caused him great distress of mind, from which he was only delivered by the reflection that education and early convictions were the means by which God communicates his salvation to many, and that the soul of a believer is but gradually delivered from the power of sin.

Though a man of such mental power, he was not an erudite scholar. Yet Barrow, who was a contemporary, Doddridge,

Kippis, Addison, and Wilberforce expressed their commendation of the vigor and clearness of his style. Boswell once asked Dr. Johnson what books of Baxter he should read. "Read any of them," said Johnson; "they are all good." He had the faculty of stating his points clearly, and of selecting those which would tell. He was formidable in controversy, and influential as a leader of his party in the Church. Men sought his counsel, for they knew his practical wisdom. They desired his help, for they knew his efficiency. They demanded his labor, for they knew his untiring industry. He was always at work. The activity of his mind doubtless had its effect upon the continuance of his life. The freshness and vigor of his intellect, and the strength of his will, seemed to counterbalance the weakening influence of disease, and to prolong his life even beyond the limit of "threescore years and ten." He was never indolent and never despairing, and thus he accomplished an amount of work extraordinary even for a strong and healthy man.

The character of Baxter presented a singular variety of aspects. At times he seemed fearless; again, he was politic to the last degree; again, he was conscientious in the extreme; and again, he was casuistical. His biographer finds several occasions to apologize for the apparent want of straightforwardness in his action, and palliates it by referring his conduct to his extreme regard for his conscience. He was hardly a hero; he certainly was not a saint; and he was not bold enough for a martyr. Though he was so bitter a controversialist, a distinguishing quality of his character was the desire for peace. He would try to reconcile contending parties, but would not hesitate to attack and inflame individuals. He wished to secure the approbation even of those against whom his words were levelled, and he made concessions which none but a man of policy would have thought of. In the later editions of the "Saints' Rest," when the Restoration had thrown the Puritans into disgrace, he omitted the names of Hampden, Brooke, and Pym from the list of those whom he expected to meet in heaven. His private opinion of their worthiness remained the same, for this he expressly says in his apology for the omission. He did the unmanly thing in

order, as he says, to "take away from such men as Dr. Jane anything which they might stumble at." The world has forgotten Dr. Jane, and such as he, but it remembers Hampden, Brooke, and Pym with reverence and gratitude. Baxter's cowardly subservience to a degraded public opinion only proclaims his own shame. "The clamor which required the names of such men to be blotted out" may be thought "disgraceful," but the disgrace is shared by him who yielded to it.

Were we disposed to find other instances of this politic phase of Baxter's character, the task is by no means difficult. His biographer acknowledges it many times. Baxter himself does not deny it. Our readers have already noticed several cases. The fact was, as Orme declares in his notice of Baxter's controversy with Dr. Sherlock, that he "was completely entangled between the Church and the Independents. He had to defend his defences of the Church, and his own separation from it; and to vindicate his defences of non-conformity, with the fact of his personal and stated conformity." "I have turned both parties," says Baxter himself, "which I have endeavored to part, against myself." This is the usual fate of those who follow this middle course. They please nobody. In the end, they cannot even satisfy themselves.

While these blemishes are acknowledged to exist, we cannot think of Baxter as the highest style of man. We do not say that he was not entirely conscientious and sincere, and that he did not desire to advance the kingdom of God. We believe him to have been thoroughly conscientious and sincere. If he was a trimmer in this respect, he was a trimmer upon principle. We must pronounce the decision to which these facts point. He was not a bold, independent man, heedless of party. He was a compromiser, and willing to sacrifice many things for the sake of peace. He was earnestly desirous of healing the breaches in the Church. This must explain much of his conduct. When he found that the task was hopeless; when he was willing to take the losing side, and cared no longer about the stumbling-blocks that he might throw in the way of his opponents; when he had decided upon absolute non-conformity, and suffered persecution therefor, — the nobleness of his character came out clearly. Then he was inde-

pendent, manly, truthful, fearless, and consistent. Had he become so earlier in life, he might have been one of the most influential men of his time in determining the future of English history. He might not have died in his bed, but his memory would have been cherished as the defender of liberty and the martyr of the truth!

We cannot close without expressing our admiration for the catholicity of many of Baxter's opinions. His labors were unwearied for the unity of the Church. He would waive non-essentials, if, by so doing, he could bring all Christians into fellowship with each other. He would maintain social and church fellowship with all who, in the judgment of charity, ought to be considered as true Christians. He favored a moderate episcopacy, with a voluntary submission of the ministers to its government. He bravely contended for the right of a Christian congregation to choose its own pastor. While he did not object to a liturgy, pruned of its dogmatic parts, he would not enforce it upon any against their will. A Christian church, in his view, was an association of spiritual persons for their own good, possessing the right of managing their own affairs. The Broad Church movement of the present day, so noble in many of its aspects and results, may find a treasury of material in Baxter's books on Church Communion. We heartily concur in Mr. Orme's declaration:—

“A greater portion of the spirit of Christ, and a brighter manifestation of his holy image, will do more to unite all his disciples than the most perfect theory of church government that has yet been recommended or forced upon the world. When this blessed period of love and union shall arrive, the services of Baxter as the indefatigable advocate of catholic communion will not be forgotten.”

ART. II. — ASSYRIAN HISTORY.

The History of HERODOTUS. A new English Version, edited with copious Notes and Appendices, illustrating the History and Geography of Herodotus, from the most recent Sources of Information; and embodying the chief Results, Historical and Ethnographical, which have been obtained in the Progress of Cuneiform and Hieroglyphical Discovery. By GEORGE RAWLINSON, M. A., late Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College, Oxford. Assisted by Colonel Sir HENRY RAWLINSON, K. C. B., and Sir J. G. WILKINSON, F. R. S. In four volumes. Vols. I. — III. With Maps and Illustrations. London: John Murray. 1858. 8vo. pp. 690, 616, 563.

OF all questions in ancient history, none has been more hopelessly complicated by confused statements and baseless theories than that of the true chronology of the great Assyrian and Babylonian empires. Our knowledge of them has, until recently, been almost exclusively derived from Ctesias (as reported in Diodorus Siculus), Herodotus, the native historian Berosus, and the Hebrew Scriptures. From Ctesias we have the well-known stories of Ninus, the founder of the Assyrian empire, his warlike queen, Semiramis, and the succession of thirty-one *rois fainéants*, ending with Sardanapalus, the ignominy of whose reign was partially redeemed by his rousing himself too late to a heroic defence against the invaders of his kingdom, and burning himself at last, his wives, concubines, and treasures, in his royal palace. This event has been placed in B. C. 876. The account of Herodotus is wholly at variance with this. According to him, after an Assyrian rule of five hundred and twenty years, all the subject provinces fell away, leaving the empire weakened, but still vigorous, until it was overthrown by Cyaxares. He also mentions Semiramis, but as a *Babylonian* queen, who reigned five generations before Nitocris, the mother of the last king. This would place her reign in the eighth century. From Berosus we have a few precious fragments, mostly at third hand. From these we learn that, after more than a thousand years of Chaldæan and Arabian rule (in Babylonia), followed two Assyrian dynasties of 526 and 122 years respectively, and a Babylonian of 87.

We likewise have from him a list of the Babylonian kings from the era of Nabonassar (B. C. 747), and some historical notices of a century or so preceding the fall of Babylon. Besides these authorities, Scripture gives us the names and actions of several kings, both of Assyria and Babylon. It will be seen that the accounts of Herodotus and Berosus confirm each other, and that both are consistent with Scripture, while they are completely contradictory to that of Ctesias. But, notwithstanding their much greater credibility as historians, our modern writers have, for the most part, felt bound to accept the latter (probably because he is the most assuming and circumstantial writer on the subject), to make the others agree where it is possible, and where it is not to reject them altogether. Hence the most blind and profitless labor of reconstruction. *Sardanapalus* was shown to be *Esarhaddon*, the syllable "bal" or "pal" being annexed. As the accounts of the destruction of Nineveh could not be reconciled, resort was had to the desperate hypothesis of two destructions, one B. C. 876, the other B. C. 606. Even Nebuchodonosor, on the authority of the book of Judith, is torn from the Babylonian annals, and made "the last king of Assyria mentioned in the Bible." *

Niebuhr's wonderful clear-sightedness enabled him to see through the fogs which enveloped Assyrian history, and to reconstruct from the scanty materials accessible to him a framework of history not materially differing from that which the late discoveries in Assyria have now placed on a sure historical foundation. He did all that could be done with his materials, but was careful to assure his hearers that, when the Assyrian inscriptions were deciphered, — as they soon would be, — many things would be made clear which he could not understand. † How remarkably this prediction has been fulfilled, we need not say. The interesting discoveries of Mr. Layard are familiar to all, and it is well known that many of the inscriptions discovered by him have been deciphered by Sir Henry Rawlinson, Dr. Hincks, M. Oppert, and others, being found to consist

* See Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography, Vol. I. p. 245. b.

† Lectures on Ancient History, Lecture III.

of valuable contemporaneous records, corroborating or correcting the accounts of the Bible and profane historians. In the work before us these results are given at some length, in the form of notes and essays by Sir Henry Rawlinson and Mr. George Rawlinson, appended to the translation of the first book of Herodotus. It is our purpose to lay the most interesting of these results before our readers.

We must, in the first place, rid our minds of the fables of Ctesias, which have been banished from all respectable histories since the time of Niebuhr, and which at present only linger in those eminently conservative works, — school textbooks of Ancient History. There was, it is true, a Ninus, but it was the Greek name of the city Nineveh, and the king of that name is only another instance of that universal habit of the Greeks of inventing some eponymous hero for every city. There was a Queen Semiramis, but she lived, as Herodotus says, in the eighth century, and although doubtless a remarkable person, was noways a great conqueror. There was, too, a Sardanapalus, but he was a warlike king of the tenth century, who was far from being burned up in his own palace; and there was another Sardanapalus of the seventh century, a peaceful prince and a patron of the arts,* but Nineveh survived him many years. Nineveh was, it is true, destroyed, and very likely in the manner described by Ctesias, but it was under Saracus, not Sardanapalus; her enemies were Cyaxares and Nabopolassar, not Arbaces and Belesys; and it was towards the close of the seventh century, not early in the ninth.

To guide us in laying out a true scheme of Assyrian chronology, we have the table of dynasties preserved from Berosus, and two dates positively fixed, — the accession of Nabonassar in Babylon, B. C. 747, and the destruction of Babylon by Cyrus, B. C. 538. Setting out, then, from this latter date, as that of the close of the dynasties of Berosus, his table will read as follows. We copy from Rawlinson (Vol. I. p. 434).

* Ctesias, perhaps, erroneously thinking the name of the last king to have been Sardanapalus, confounded him with the great king of that name whom he knew to have reigned at about 900 B. C.

Median dynasty,	8 kings,	224 years,	B. C. 2458 to 2234
Chaldæan (?) dynasty,	11 “	(258)* “	“ 2234 to 1976
Chaldæan “	49 “	458 “	“ 1976 to 1518
Arab “	9 “	245 “	“ 1518 to 1273
Assyrian “	45 “	526 “	“ 1273 to 747
Lower Assyrian “	8 “	122 “	“ 747 to 625
Babylonian “	6 “	87 “	“ 625 to 538

Passing over the Median dynasty, of which we know nothing further, the history will naturally fall into three divisions, — the early Chaldæan empire of Babylon, the great Assyrian empire from about B. C. 1273 to B. C. 625, and the short but splendid sway of Babylon from B. C. 625 to B. C. 538. It is to be noticed, that, according to this table, the second Assyrian dynasty began at the era of Nabonassar in Babylon, B. C. 747, and ended at the accession of Nabopolassar in Babylon, B. C. 625, the date assigned by Niebuhr to the destruction of Nineveh. Heeren, Grote, and most other writers, place it as late as B. C. 609 or B. C. 606.

The Chaldæans who ruled in Asia under Kudur-Mapula (or Chedor-laomer) about B. C. 1976, and again under the family of Nebuchadnezzar, have been commonly supposed of late to have been invaders from Armenia, where Chaldæans are mentioned by Greek writers. But there are no indications of such a conquest, and it seems more natural to look for their origin in their earliest known seat, — Babylonia. Sir Henry Rawlinson's ingenious and very probable theory is briefly as follows. The Hamitic race which inhabited Mesopotamia (and which he thinks came from Ethiopia) went by the name of Akkad; of these the Chaldæans seem to have been a branch, not however appearing upon the monuments before the ninth century before Christ. He thinks, therefore, that Berosus, “in naming the dynasty Chaldæan, must have used that term in a geographical rather than an ethnological sense.” He says: —

“In this primitive Akkadian tongue, which I have been accustomed generally to denominate Scythic, from its near connection with the Scythic

* This number is wanting in the manuscript, and is supplied by an ingenious emendation of Professor Brandis of Bonn.

dialect of Persia, were preserved all the scientific treatises known to the Babylonians, long after the Semitic element had become predominant in the land; — it was, in fact, the language of science in the East, as the Latin was in Europe during the Middle Ages. When Semitic tribes established an empire in Assyria in the thirteenth century B. C., they adopted the alphabet of the *Akkad*, and, with certain modifications, applied it to their own language; but during the seven centuries which followed of Semitic dominion at Nineveh and Babylon, this Assyrian language was merely used for historical records and official documents. The mythological, astronomical, and other scientific tablets found at Nineveh, are exclusively in the Akkadian language, and are thus shown to belong to a priest-class, exactly answering to the Chaldæans of profane history and of the book of Daniel. . . . It is further very interesting to find that parties of these Chaldæan *Akkad* were transplanted by the Assyrian kings from the plains of Babylon to the Armenian mountains, in the eighth and seventh centuries B. C., and that this translation took place to such an extent, that in the inscriptions of Sargon the geographical name of *Akkad* is sometimes applied to the mountains instead of the vernacular title of *Vararat*, or *Ararat*, — an excellent illustration being thus afforded of the notices of Chaldæans in this quarter by so many of the Greek historians and geographers.” — Vol. I. p. 319, *note*.

It should be observed that the cogency of this argument noways depends on the acceptance or rejection of Sir Henry Rawlinson's peculiar ethnographic theories.

What the Arabian dynasty was which came between the Chaldæan and Assyrian empires, we have no means of determining. We can only allude to the evident power and importance of the Arabians in old time, and hint at a conquest like that of Egypt by the Shepherd Kings. It is worthy of remark, that their rule in Babylonia (B. C. 1518 to B. C. 1273) follows directly upon the expulsion of the Hycsos from Egypt, placed by Sir Gardner Wilkinson in B. C. 1520. If we bear in mind that these dates are far from precise, and that the Arabians may have come later into Mesopotamia, or if we assume, with Bunsen, that the expulsion of the Hycsos was a century earlier, the conjecture is natural that the Hycsos, on being expelled from Egypt, invaded Babylonia, and overthrew the Chaldæan empire, ruling in their stead until the rise of the Assyrian empire. But this is pure hypothesis.

Of the condition of Babylonia under the Assyrian sway, we

can only say in general that it was nominally dependent, — somewhat as the great French peers were on the successors of Hugh Capet; — a dependence strictly enforced by able sovereigns, but at other times little more than a name. The seat of government of the Assyrian kings was at first at Asshur (the modern Kilet-Shergat), which seems previously to have been the residence of Babylonian viceroys. We have the names of many kings of the first Assyrian dynasty, but only three or four of them are of especial interest. The earliest of these is Tiglath-Pileser I., whose annals are inscribed on an octagonal prism called the Kilet-Shergat cylinder, several copies of which are extant. The next king of interest is Sardanapalus I., who removed the seat of government to Calat (the modern Nimroud), where he built the “North-west” palace, so well known through the narrative of Mr. Layard’s first expedition. His successor was Shalman-n-bar, the king of “the black obelisk” in the British Museum.

“The most interesting of the campaigns of Shalman-n-bar are those which in his sixth, eleventh, fourteenth, and eighteenth years he conducted against the countries bordering on Palestine. In the first three of these, his chief adversary was Benhadad of Damascus, the prince whose wars with Baasha, Ahab, and Jehoram, and whose murder by Hazael, are related at length in the books of Kings and Chronicles. Benhadad, who had strengthened himself by a close league with the Hamathites, Hittites, and Phœnicians, was defeated in three great battles by the Assyrian monarch, and lost in one of them above 20,000 men. This ill success appears to have broken up the league, and when Hazael, soon after his accession, was attacked in his turn, probably about the year B. C. 884 or 885, he was left to his own resources, and had to take refuge in Anti-Libanus, where Shalman-n-bar engaged and defeated him, killing (according to his own account) 16,000 of his fighting men and capturing more than 1,100 chariots. It was probably at this time, or perhaps three years later, when the conqueror once more entered Syria and forced Hazael to supply his troops with provisions, that the first direct connection of which we have any record took place between the people of Israel and the Assyrians. One of five epigraphs on the black obelisk records the tribute which *Yahna*, the son of *Khumri*, — i. e. Jehu, the son of Omri,* — brought to the king who set it up, con-

* “This title is equivalent to King of Samaria, the city which Omri built.” Mr. Rawlinson suggests, however, an actual or alleged descent of Jehu from Omri.

sisting almost entirely of gold and silver, and articles manufactured from gold. It was perhaps this act of submission which provoked the fierce attack of Hazael upon the kingdom of Israel in the reign of Jehu. (2 Kings x. 32, 33.)"

Of the later Assyrian empire we possess tolerably full and trustworthy accounts during the period of its glory, but its beginning and end are alike obscure. Assuming its destruction in the year B. C. 625, the 122 years of Berosus would place its commencement in B. C. 747. The coincidence of this date with that of the era of Nabonassar justifies us in inferring some connection between them. We have, moreover, monuments of a king of this period, Iva-lush III., which record his reception of tribute from *Khumri*, or Samaria, a fact which would have weight in identifying him with the Pul of Scripture,* especially as his first successor with whom we are acquainted was Tiglath-Pileser. If this is the case, he would be contemporary with Menahem, king of Israel, who reigned about B. C. 760. We learn, moreover, from the monuments, that the wife of this monarch was Semiramis, and that she reigned conjointly with him. This is evidently the Semiramis of Herodotus; he calls her a queen of Babylon, and the monuments show that Iva-lush was peculiarly connected with Babylon. It remains for future investigations to determine the connection of these events and names; at present we can only conclude as probable that the kingdom of Pul or Iva-lush III. was overthrown by Tiglath-Pileser II. at about the time that Nabonassar established an independent government in Babylon. That Tiglath-Pileser was the founder of a dynasty is further shown by the fact that he nowhere mentions his father, as was customary with the legitimate Assyrian sovereigns. Of his reign we have scanty information, adding little to what we knew previously from the Bible.

The two successors of Tiglath-Pileser were Shalmaneser

* Mr. Layard says: "The greater number of Assyrian proper names with which we are acquainted, whether royal or not, appear to have been made up of the name, epithet, or title of one of the national deities, and of a second word, such as 'slave of,' 'servant of,' 'beloved of,' 'protected by,' like the 'Theodosius,' 'Theodorus,' &c. of the Greeks, and the 'Abd-ullah' and 'Abd-ur-Rahman' of Mohammedan nations." The name of the divinity whose name occurs in that of King Iva-lush is read doubtfully Iva or Pul.

and Sargon. Which came first has been a matter of doubt; — it has been supposed by some (it is indeed assumed by Mr. Layard) that the two names belong to one person. This doubt is, however, now resolved by the discovery of an inscription of Sargon, stating that he took Samaria in his first year, a statement not at all inconsistent with the Scriptural account that the siege was begun by Shalmaneser. The name of the latter is only known to us from Scripture, and his reign must have been short. That of Sargon embraced nineteen years, the annals of which are abundantly preserved in his great palace at Khorsabad. He seems to have been a usurper, as, like Tiglath-Pileser, he omits the mention of his father. The date of his accession is shown to have been B. C. 721, by his statement that in his first year he took Samaria and placed Merodach-Baladan on the throne of Babylon, both which events are known from other sources to belong to that year.

Sennacherib, the son and successor of Sargon, came to the throne in the year B. C. 702, which date, like his father's, is fixed by that of his viceroy Belibus, whom he says he placed on the throne of Babylon in his first year, — after expelling Merodach-Baladan a second time, — and whose accession is given by Ptolemy in this year. The length of his reign was probably twenty-two years, as Esar-haddon ascended the throne of Babylon, and probably also that of Nineveh, B. C. 680. The reign of this king is tolerably well known to us through the Hebrew Scriptures; and his great palace at Konyunjik (the true site of Nineveh), more splendid than that of any of his predecessors, is described at length in Mr. Layard's "*Nineveh and Babylon.*" Like Sargon, he removed his viceroy from the government of Babylon, — after another struggle with the party of Merodach-Baladan, who seems to have been the asserter of Babylonian nationality, — and placed his son on the throne.

Under Esarhaddon, the son and successor of Sennacherib, who ruled from B. C. 680 about twenty years, the Assyrian empire reached its highest point of prosperity. He built several palaces, among them the "Southwest palace" at Nimroud, of materials taken from the palaces of former monarchs.

Another at *Nebbi-Yunns*, near Konyunjik, he claims to have been "such as the kings, his fathers, who went before him, had never made." He continued the war with the sons of Merodach-Baladan in Susiana, but instead of placing a vice-roy in Babylon, he reigned there himself, probably residing alternately here and in Nineveh. Memorials of him have been discovered here, and hither Manasseh, king of Judah, seems to have been brought to him captive. His conquests in Media, Armenia, Asia Minor, and Egypt appear to have been more extensive than those of any of his predecessors. It is interesting to observe, as signs of his wide sway, such names among the artists employed in building his palaces as these, — Ægisthus of Idalium, Pythagoras of Citium, Itho-dagon of Paphos, Euryalus of Soli, — as well as the mention of many workmen furnished him by the princes of Syria and Manasseh, king of Judah. Over all these states Assyria appears to have exercised a sort of feudal sovereignty; but the bond was slight, and the empire far from systematically governed. An acknowledgment of fealty, and the payment of some trifling yearly tribute, satisfied the monarch, but insignificant causes were often sufficient to excite rebellions, which were in general as speedily suppressed and lightly punished. When the nation was found unusually obstinate, marked vengeance was taken. Cities were burned, provinces laid waste, and the inhabitants carried off either to people other devastated districts, or to labor in the enormous public works by which the kings, especially of Babylon, gratified their vanity, or perhaps (as in the canals and reservoirs) largely benefited the trade and agriculture of their country. Of such removals, the fall of the Jewish kingdoms, and the repeopling of Samaria by other tribes, furnish well-known illustrations.

Esarhaddon was succeeded by Sardanapalus, a peaceful prince, a patron of the arts, whose monuments are the most tasteful that have come down to us. He carried on some wars, chiefly in Susiana, with the grandsons of Merodach-Baladan, but hunting seems to have been his passion. The name of his successor, Asshur-emit-ili, cannot be identified with that of Saracus, whom we know from Berosus to have been the last king of Nineveh. Saracus may therefore have been his brother,

and his reign short. This view is strengthened by the fact of his thus being the eighth in succession from the foundation of the new monarchy.

No date in ancient history has been more disputed than that of the destruction of Nineveh. It has been commonly assigned to B. C. 609 or B. C. 606, on the strength of a statement of Herodotus (I. 103 – 106) that it took place after the Scythian domination of twenty-eight years ; we should also infer from him, although not necessarily, that it came after the war between Cyaxares and Alyattes, which is fixed by an eclipse in the year B. C. 610. But Herodotus, although perfectly trustworthy when relating what he himself saw, is a less sure guide as to earlier times, and it is probable that he is wrong in supposing the Scythians to have *ruled* twenty-eight years. It is hardly possible they should not have left more traces of themselves if this were the case, and it seems likely that this period of twenty-eight years was one only of occasional and destructive inroads, in the intervals of which Cyaxares could carry on his warlike operations. Berosus is at all events much more worthy of credit, who distinctly places the rise of the Babylonian dynasty eighty-seven years before the taking of Babylon by Cyrus, B. C. 538. This is, moreover, the year of the accession of Nabopolassar, which we know from a fragment of Abydenus, a transcriber of Berosus, to have immediately preceded the fall of Nineveh.

A suggestion of great value is made by Mr. Rawlinson in his able essay on the Great Median Empire, that Herodotus is mistaken in assigning so early a date as B. C. 708 to the independence of the Medes. Mr. Grote has already pointed out the completely mythical character of his account of Deioces. Mr. Rawlinson thinks the reign of Phraortes equally so, and places the beginning of Median history at the accession of Cyaxares, B. C. 633. The name Phraortes he finds in that of the usurper *Frawartish*, in the reign of Darius Hystaspes, of whom we learn from the Behistun inscription, whose unsuccessful revolt Herodotus confounds with the successful revolution of the Medes of the previous century. His arguments are, first, that all the Greek writers except Herodotus regard Cyaxares as the founder of the empire, and secondly,

that the monuments show that the Medes continued subject to Assyria as late at least as through the reign of Esarhaddon, about B. C. 660. We think he has proved that Herodotus (I. 95) was mistaken in asserting that the Medes, and following them the other nations of Asia, shook off the Assyrian yoke as early as B. C. 708, and that thereafter the Assyrians "stood alone by the revolt and desertion of their allies." (Herod. I. 102.) Niebuhr saw that Herodotus stated this far too strongly, although he agreed with him that the Assyrian empire was enfeebled at this time. But the monuments show — what we should gather from the Hebrew Scriptures — that even this was incorrect, and that though the Assyrian power may have been diminished for a while in the middle of the eighth century, yet the age which followed, and precisely that which Herodotus gives as that of their depression, was in reality that of their greatest splendor, — the reigns of Sargon, Sennacherib, and Esarhaddon (B. C. 721 to B. C. 660). It is not, however, unlikely that a hardy Median tribe maintained itself in some secluded mountain district, like the kings of Asturias under the Saracens in Spain, which, during the less vigorous rule of Sardanapalus and his successors, gradually subdued the tableland of Media, until, under Cyaxares, it ventured forth to mightier undertakings. It is to be noticed that the accession of Phraortes, as given by Herodotus, would fall after the death of Esarhaddon, during the decline of the empire. That the Assyrian annals do not notice the growth of his power, and his successes against Assyria, is not to be wondered at.

Nabopolassar reigned twenty-one years at Babylon over the empire he had acquired by treachery, having obtained for his share of the plunder the whole southern and western portions of the Assyrian dominions. Of the mighty empire which he founded, we have tolerably full accounts in the Bible, in the fragments of Berosus, and in inscriptions. No sculpture, however, has been found at Babylon to compare with that of Nineveh, and it may be conjectured that paint, plaster, and gilding, as in our modern cities, took the place of solid stone. He appears to have sent aid to Cyaxares in his war against Lydia, and towards the close of his reign he carried on war with Egypt, appointing his son Nebuchadnezzar as commander. This was

the war in which Josiah, king of Judah, without waiting for his sovereign, marched hastily to repel an invasion of Necho, and was defeated and killed. Nebuchadnezzar, more successful, gained a complete victory at Carchemish, and returned home with many captives. His father had died in his absence, B. C. 604, and he succeeded to the throne, on which he sat forty-three years. Here he constructed those great works, — palaces, temples, hanging gardens, walls, aqueducts, canals, reservoirs, — which were the wonder of the ancient world, and which modern times have been slow to credit. But Herodotus and Ctesias, both eyewitnesses, testify to their magnitude, and, as Grote well observes, “to bring to pass all that Herodotus has described is a mere question of time, patience, number of laborers, and cost of maintaining them, — for the materials were both close at hand and inexhaustible.”

Nebuchadnezzar died B. C. 561, and, after three unimportant reigns, Nabonidus (the Labynetos of Herodotus) was placed on the throne by a conspiracy, B. C. 555. In the first year of his reign he was solicited by Cræsus to unite in an alliance with Lydia and Egypt against Cyrus, who had recently overthrown the Median kingdom, and the rapid growth of whose power made him the object of alarm to all these sovereigns. The inconsiderate haste and ill-success of Cræsus do not belong to our plan. Time was given in the fifteen years which intervened between the fall of Sardis and the investment of Babylon to erect the most complete defences, and to lay in a stock of provisions which should outlast the patience of the besieger. The immense area of the city — not far from forty miles in circuit — would not only receive all the inhabitants of the neighboring country within the walls, but would enable the besieged partially to support themselves by agriculture. During this period Nabonidus associated with himself his son Belshazzar (Bil-shar-uzur) as his colleague upon the throne. On the approach of Cyrus, a battle was fought, in which the Babylonians, being defeated, retired within their impregnable walls to abide the siege. Nabonidus himself, however, retired to Borsippa, a few miles distant, leaving his son in command of the city. It was now that Cyrus, fully convinced of the impossibility of taking the city either by storm or blockade, put

know in truth little of the civilization of Assyria and Babylon which we did not know before. It is not from royal palaces like those of Khorsabad and Konyunjik, nor from pompous inscriptions of kings, like those of Bavian, Behistun, and the black obelisk, that we learn the life and inner character of a nation. Had the interpretation of Egyptian hieroglyphics been confined to the obelisk of Luxor, the pyramids of Gizeh, and the tablets of Karnak and Abydos, we should be grateful indeed for the valuable light thrown thereby upon chronology, but history would gain comparatively little. It is the sepulchres of Egypt, the papyrus rolls, the linen cerements, the wooden sarcophagi, the painting on walls and carving in stone, all filled with representations of the life of people, the minutest details of their actions, their trade, their agriculture, their manufactures, their worship, their philosophy, and poetry even, which have placed the civilization of Egypt almost as vividly before the eyes of the nineteenth century as that of China is before the eyes of Americans and English. In Assyria no tombs have been found, and we learn consequently little but the public life of the nation. Everything here indicates — what we knew before — the existence of a grinding despotism. We may infer that it was less oppressive and malignant in Assyria than in either Egypt or Babylon. A high land, well wooded, with undulating surface, giving scope to a variety of occupations, can hardly have been so absolutely ruled as a low, flat, bare tract, swarming with a population like that of Babylonia. And what is more conclusive, notwithstanding the extent, power, wealth, and populousness of Nineveh, we hear nothing there of public works approaching those of Babylon in magnificence and costliness; and in early nations public works are a very fair gauge of the despotism of the monarchs and the abasement of the subjects.

If we compare the art of Assyria with that of Egypt, we shall find another proof of the superiority of its civilization. In Egypt while the canons of proportion varied slightly in the twelfth and nineteenth dynasties, under the family of Psammetichus, and under the Ptolemies, the art was essentially the same at all these epochs, — stiff, angular, unexpressive, formal. The Egyptian sculptures remind us of the Xanthian

and Æginetan marbles, but these have the awkwardness of infancy, those of formalism; the national genius of Egypt had crystallized at the point where the Greek mind, ravished with the glimpse it had caught of the glorious world of art, was just ready to step into that career in which a few years only were needed to give birth to Phidias, Ictinus, and Polygnotus. But Assyria was not, like Egypt, trammelled by traditions of conservatism and non-intercourse. On the grand highway between East and West, she could not but be influenced in everything by the nations around her, while Egypt, shut up in her narrow valley of the Nile, withered self-complacently, clinging every year more closely to her dead customs. So Greek and Phœnician artisans were employed on the palaces of Nineveh, as we have seen above, and the works of every reign show an advance in grace and skill over those of the preceding. The sculptures of Nineveh do not satisfy our artistic cravings, but neither do they disgust us with their dead conventionality. We cannot doubt, that, had the Assyrian empire lasted, and the artists who wrought in its temples and palaces continued to make the progress which is discernible in the reigns of Esarhaddon and Sardanapalus, the shackles of an early formality might have been thrown off, and a true and high school of art have appeared.

Mr. Rawlinson says of the art and manufactures of the Assyrians: —

“They show us a patient, laborious, painstaking people, with more appreciation of the useful than the ornamental, and of the actual than the ideal. Architecture, the only one of the fine arts which is essentially useful, forms their chief glory; sculpture, and still more painting, are subsidiary to it. Again, it is the most useful edifice — the palace or house — whereon attention is concentrated; the temple and tomb, the interest attaching to which is ideal and spiritual, are secondary, and appear simply as appendages of the palace. In the sculpture it is the actual — the historically true — which the artist strives to represent. Unless in the case of a few mythic figures connected with the religion of the country, there is nothing in the Assyrian bas-reliefs which is not imitated from nature. The imitation is always laborious, and often most accurate and exact. The laws of representation, as we understand them, are sometimes departed from, but it is always to impress

the spectator with ideas in accordance with truth. Thus the colossal bulls and lions have five legs, but in order that they may be seen from every point of view with four; — the ladders are placed edgewise against the walls of besieged towns, but it is to show that they are ladders, and not mere poles; — walls of cities are made disproportionately small, but it is done, like Raphael's boat, to bring them within the picture, which would otherwise be a less complete representation of the actual fact. The careful finish, the minute detail, the elaboration of every hair in a beard, and every stitch in the embroidery of a dress, remind us of the Dutch school of painting, and illustrate strongly the spirit of faithfulness and honesty which pervades the sculptures, and gives them so great a portion of their value." — Vol. I. p. 496.

It would be in the highest degree instructive to examine the science of the Assyrians and Babylonians, which, like that of Egypt, appears to have been in the hands of a special class, the Chaldæans. Astronomy was doubtless at the head with both these nations, and it is proved by the exactness of their chronology that this was extensively cultivated at an early date. But for a complete view of this science, as well as others among the Chaldæans, we must wait for the deciphering of the thousands of mythological and astronomical tablets in the British Museum, a commencement of which has scarcely been yet made.

Such was the character of the Assyrian empire, as well as of most of the early empires of the East, and, as long as it was ruled by able and energetic princes, like those of the family of Sargon, it had all the outward show of strength and prosperity.

"But no sooner does any untoward event occur, as a disastrous expedition, a foreign attack, a domestic conspiracy, or even an untimely and unexpected death of the reigning prince, than the inherent weakness of this sort of government at once displays itself, — the whole fabric of the empire falls asunder, — each kingdom reasserts its independence, — tribute ceases to be paid, and the mistress of a hundred states suddenly finds herself thrust back into her primitive condition, stripped of the dominion which has been her strength, and thrown entirely upon her own resources. Then the whole task of reconstruction has to be commenced anew, — one by one the rebel countries are overrun, and the rebel monarchs chastised, — tribute is reimposed, submission enforced, and in fifteen or twenty years the empire has perhaps recovered itself."

Of this the most familiar and striking illustration will be found in the history of the Hebrew monarchy. When the empire of Solomon had fallen to pieces, and his dominions were divided among the hostile states of Judah, Israel, Damascus, Hamath, etc., it was not long before mighty Nineveh began to reduce them one by one beneath its sway. We have shown above the state of these countries at the time of Shalman-bar (about B. C. 878), who appears to have rendered Hamath, Damascus, and Samaria tributary. A key to the enigmatical passage, 2 Kings xiii. 5, "And the Lord gave Israel a savior, so that they went out from under the hand of the Syrians," may perhaps be found in the necessity that Hazael and Benhadad felt to turn all their strength against this formidable foe, and thus to spare the "coasts of Israel." Under the vigorous reigns of Jehoash and Jeroboam II. we hear nothing of the Assyrians; it is probable that their strength declined somewhat after Shalman-bar. But the energetic Pul took advantage of the troubled times that followed to make Israel his vassel. His successors continued to receive fealty and exact tribute until the reign of Hoshea in Samaria, who thought to escape the yoke by transferring it to the rival kingdom of Egypt, "and brought no present to the king of Assyria, as he had done year by year." The usual result followed, — Samaria was taken and destroyed, the country ravaged, and the inhabitants swept into bondage. It was now the turn of Judah, which had equally, under Ahaz, submitted to the invader. But Hezekiah, backed by the powerful party of Isaiah, determined on resistance and alliance with Egypt. Judah was preserved from subjugation for a time, but seems soon to have acknowledged again the suzerainty of Assyria, for we find that Manasseh was sent a captive to Babylon (2 Chron. xxxiii.), and we learn from the inscriptions that he sent workmen to assist in the building of the palace of Esarhaddon. The Assyrian empire passed away, but its sceptre, and probably also its dominions, were transferred to Babylon. That Josiah was a vassal of Nabopolassar is rendered probable by the fact that he resisted so stoutly the invasion of the empire by Necho, in spite of the protestations of the latter, that his arms were not

directed against him. The kingdom of Egypt was at this time flourishing under the twenty-sixth dynasty, and its energetic rulers, having abandoned the traditionary policy of non-intercourse, and thrown open their ports to foreign commerce, exerted themselves to excite the Syrian, Phœnician, and Hebrew vassals of Babylon to revolt, and unite themselves under Egyptian protection. Shortly after the failure of Necho's attempt, a more formidable revolt, was set on foot by the Phœnician cities, and the successors of Josiah, aided by Apries (Pharaoh Hophra), king of Egypt. Tyre was besieged thirteen years by Nebuchadnezzar, but seems never to have been captured. Jerusalem revolted several times, and the Egyptian party was so strong as to carry with it all the kings successively set up by Nebuchadnezzar. Tired out at length with its insubordination, he took the city in his nineteenth year, and carried its inhabitants with him to Babylon, where they probably swelled the number of the slavish workmen whose hands wrought the great works of his reign.

The least satisfactory part of the work is the essay by Sir Henry Rawlinson on "The Religion of the Babylonians and Assyrians," — not from any negligence or incompetency on the part of the learned author, but from the very nature of the subject, so intricate and so unexplored are these mythological relations. It is of little interest to know that the Man-Bull of the Ninevite sculptures represents the god Nin, "the lord of the brave," identified with the Greek Heracles, and that the Man-Lion is the god Nergal, "the great hero," who is the Greek Ares. Of somewhat more importance is it to learn that the winged circle, sometimes surmounted by a human head, is the symbol of Asshur, the supreme deity of the Assyrians, from whom their country took its name.* No temple of this god is found except at the city Asshur (Kileh-Shergat). "It would seem that he was considered, as the head of the Pantheon, of too high a rank to receive the homage of his votaries in any particular or special temple."

* This symbol is found extensively in Persian sculptures. "The conjecture is probable, that, while in the human head we have the symbol of intelligence, the wings signify omnipresence, and the circle eternity. Thus the Persians were able, without the sacrifice of any principle, to admit it as a religious emblem." — p. 270, note 3.

“The Assyrian kings, however, from the earliest times, evidently regarded *Asshur* as their special tutelary divinity. They constantly used his name as an element in their own titles; * they invoked him on all occasions which referred to the exercise of their sovereign functions. The laws of the empire were the laws of *Asshur*: the tribute payable from dependent kingdoms was the tribute of *Asshur*. He was all and everything, as far as Assyrian nationality was concerned; but he was strictly a local deity, and his name was almost unknown beyond the limits of Assyria proper.” On the whole, the one most interesting religious fact educed from these discoveries is that which has been already noticed, the origin of Assyrian mythology in Chaldæan Babylonia, the continued use of the Chaldæan language and alphabet in religious matters, even when it had gone out of use otherwise, and the consequent existence of a sacred language and a sacred class, — the Chaldæans of later writers.

We have exhibited some of the historical results of cuneiform discovery. We must of course take for granted the skill and fidelity of the translators, for we cannot test these as we can in the case of languages which are commonly known. But granting the accuracy of the translation, — which no one questions, — the only doubt remaining will be how much confidence should be placed in the good faith of the monarchs who have thus commemorated their actions. No doubt there is great temptation to magnify these, and we should receive with caution all statements in which vanity or arrogance may have had part. But this would naturally be chiefly in special incidents, in exaggerating results, in overstating the number of captives or amount of booty. We may accept without hesitation the truth of these inscriptions in their main features, especially when we see to how large a degree they are corroborated by independent testimony. What more may yet be accomplished it is impossible to foresee, but we may be sure that these enterprising scholars will not cease to labor as long as an inscription remains undeciphered or a mound unexplored.

* *As*, *Asshur-dani-pal* (*Sardanapalus*), *Asshur-akh-iddina* (*Esarhaddon*), *Asshur-emit-ili*, *Asshur-dapal-il*, &c.

ART. III. — HISTORY OF METHODISM IN ENGLAND.

The History of the Religious Movement of the Eighteenth Century, called Methodism, considered in its different Denominational Forms, and its Relations to British and American Protestantism. By ABEL STEVENS, LL. D. Vol. I. *From the Origin of Methodism to the Death of Whitefield.* New York: Carleton and Porter. London: Alexander Heylin.

AUTHOR and printer (and we may add, engraver) have put their hands together nobly to make this book worthy the acceptance of the myriads whom it is destined to reach, and to awaken an impatient desire for the volumes which are to follow it. As we open it and glance at the frontispiece, the face of the good old man, looking forward, as if into the history of which he makes so large a part, revives our old interest and curiosity in regard to it. We have never seen a likeness that gave us nearly so fine and faithful a copy of our ideal of this eminent leader and legislator. How calm and firm, how wise and winning, how fatherly and motherly, at once, it is in its position and expression! It reminds us, especially when we remember what that countenance had to meet, of the old German proverb, *Stark bei mild, Ein goldner Schild*, — “Mild and bold, A shield of gold.” We have never read of a man in whose life the saying was more strikingly verified.

We turn to the work itself; and here the style and spirit of the author — the former so direct and perspicuous, free and vigorous, the latter so catholic and Christian — win us to him at once, as trustworthy guide and edifying companion through a field of rare interest. The picturesque particularity of the narrative tempts a moment’s comparison with D’Aubigné, but we find it far superior to his in strength, as it is not enervated by those superfluous moralizings which he is continually bestowing upon his reader.

The introductory chapter, on the “Stand-point of Methodism in the History of Christianity,” lets us at once into the author’s liberality of spirit and largeness of purpose, and exemplifies those qualities which, to an independent Christian, will always commend themselves as the chief distinctions of the Methodist

movement. And when the author winds up his paragraph on the doctrinal freedom of Methodism by saying, "And it has been doubted, *incautiously perhaps*, whether even a Restorationist or Universalist, if exemplary in life, could be adjudged a heretic by its creed," we feel that, though the "incautiously" came from the writer's head, the "perhaps" came from his heart, and we think that the heart, as it had the last, had the best of it, even in the forum of his own judgment.

We are not going to give a summary of this picturesque and jubilant story of the rise and progress of Methodism. It would be as meagre a treatment of the theme, as the common practice of giving an abstract of the plot of a novel. This history, indeed, has all the interest of a novel, and presents incidents which are often really "stranger than fiction."

This History of Methodism, so far as the present volume carries it, might almost equally well be called "The Book of Martyrs." We are moved to exclaim, as we read, "Behold the patience and faith of the saints!" We are tempted to marvel, at first, how it could be that these godly men, even with the irregular manner and the pungent matter of their Gospel-preaching, should draw upon themselves, wherever they went, such a persistent, pitiless storm of persecution. The account of a mob's trampling upon a meek preacher of salvation, "to stamp the Holy Ghost out of him," seems almost incredible. Our incredulity, to be sure, is considerably abated, when we see how a respectable Edinburgh reviewer, who, by his position and profession should have been refined and religious, could, in the beginning of this nineteenth century, talk of these "didactic artisans," "delirious mechanics," this "nest of consecrated cobblers," "the nasty and numerous vermin of Methodism." When we read such expressions, and remember that "he who hateth his brother is a murderer," we are prepared to conceive that the venom of Pharisaism and Sadducism combined, the fanaticism of daintiness and the fanaticism of ignorance, joining hands, might well have vented itself even upon the heads of men whose great offence was Gospel honesty, and even in such heart-sickening atrocities as occur so often in these first decades of Methodism.

It will be said, indeed, that these severities of the critic in

his closet and of the crowd on the common were provoked by the extravagances, if not of the preacher, yet of the hearers and receivers of the new doctrine. These may serve, to be sure, in some degree, to explain the general excitement of the unsympathizing, out of which their excesses of madness against the Methodists grew. Perhaps, however, for practical purposes, the shortest explanation of the fury which this people drew upon itself is as good as any, namely, *the indwelling of Satan in his children*.

Our author speaks repeatedly, and somewhat emphatically, of "the marvellous phenomena" which attended the preaching of Wesley and his fellow-laborers, "and which surprised them as much as their enemies." "The most singular fact about them is," he says, "that for a considerable time the superior ardor and eloquence of Whitefield did not produce them, while under the calmer and more logical preaching of Wesley people dropped on every side, as if thunderstruck. It is also noteworthy, that, from the date of his return from Germany down to this time (1738-1740), not one of his texts, as recorded in his journals, was of a severe or terrific character, but they were, as in most of his life, selected from the 'great and precious promises,' or related to the nature and means of personal religion. Yet under such preaching did hardened, as well as sensitive hearers, fall around him like men shot in battle." Two or three years later Wesley went into a special examination of the subject. "He found, first, that all persons who had been thus affected were in perfect health, and had not before been subject to convulsions of any kind; second, that these new affections had come upon them in a moment, without any previous notice, while they were either hearing the preaching or thinking on what they had heard; third, that they usually dropped down, lost their strength, and were seized with violent pain. Their feelings they described differently. Some said they felt as if a sword was running through them; others thought a great weight lay upon them, as if it would press them into the earth. Some said they were quite choked, and found it difficult to breathe, that their hearts swelled, ready to burst; others, that the whole body seemed rending to pieces." His brother Charles, it is said, "who attached less

importance to these marvels, subsequently found, at Newcastle, that the propensity to morbid imitation, which played so many and such epidemic follies in the ecclesiastical history of the Middle Ages, had not a little to do with them." John Wesley, we are told in a note, "seemed always to be puzzled by these problems; his opinions respecting them were, throughout his life, exceedingly vague, if not contradictory." The author seems to think, with "most Methodists," that such physical irregularities "are to be as far as possible repressed, for the power of the work does not lie in them"; but he promises to treat the subject more fully hereafter, and to the fulfilment of that promise we look forward with no small interest. For ourselves we are of Paul's opinion, that "God is not the author of confusion, but of peace, as in all churches of the saints"; and while we often feel sensibly the want of response in our Rational congregations, and are refreshed by the occasional hearty utterance of a sonorous amen to the Lord's or the preacher's word, we cannot but feel that our Methodist brethren have generally carried to an extreme the depending upon sensible evidence and demonstration of spiritual things, — that they have too often challenged the name, not of *Methodists* merely, but of *Mechanists*, in their ways of speaking and acting with regard to the operation of the Holy Spirit; and while we respect and honor and thank Methodism as a part of a great liberal and humanitarian movement in Church history, that is, in the history of civilization, we think that its *peculiar* methods and influences will become less important as general culture advances, while some of those liberal doctrines and sentiments, and habits of thought and action, for which it is, half unconsciously, perhaps, preparing the way, will rise, with the progress of true civilization, that is, of practical Christianity, into higher and higher appreciation. In our view, it is plainly the destiny of human nature, God's offspring, that the head should guide the heart, that the intellectual should preside over the animal part of our constitution. Here lies the true safety, glory, divinity, of man. The religion of forms and sensations is good as it prepares the way for the pure religion of a thoughtful, pious, kindly, *informal* life, contented in itself,

reverent before God, and charitable to man, *uniformly* and *uninterruptedly*.

Methodism has had a grand mission to fulfil in modern Christendom; a mission of mediation, we might say, between differing sects on the one hand, and between an exclusive church and a neglected world on the other. And there is a moral majesty in the firm and sure tread with which it has marched to the accomplishment of its work.

In dogmatics, Methodism has always been a standing protest, or rather persuasive, against bigotry. We can willingly believe that the repugnance which the wise father of Methodism felt for theological controversy arose mainly from the twofold apprehension, first, that it would distract and deaden the practical zeal and efficiency of the converts, and secondly, that it might engender bitterness and pride. To quote Mr. Withington's application of the text, he feared that *a viper might come out of the heat*. It is our opinion and experience, that, of all Christian sects, the Methodists are those with whom, in their theological position, the so-called Liberal Christians can most easily sympathize. Our chief practical difference in this respect would probably be, that controversy, which they dread as poison, we regard as the angel that stirs the pool of our Protestant faith, and keeps it from stagnating. Wesley carried his dread of controversy to such an extreme, that on one occasion he laments that he had to "spend near ten minutes in controversy with some Baptists, more than he had done in public for many months, perhaps years, before." For our own part, we do not believe that in the age which is coming, nay, which now is, it is going to be quite practicable for Christian men to agree to use the same, even though they are Scriptural, words and phrases, when we understand them so differently as we do, without telling each other plainly, and asking ourselves distinctly, what we mean by them. We may call what this must lead to *conference* or *controversy*, at any rate it is *reasoning together*, and in some form or other is an important help towards the attainment of the truth which sanctifies the soul.

But we honor and admire Wesley's degree of neutrality in so far as it arose from his making the practical doctrines of religion and Scripture the essential ones, and the practical char-

acter of the dogma the grand test of its importance. Bravely has Methodism contended against the predominance of the merely speculative tendency in the Christian character and Church. And when we think of Wesley's position between Calvinism on the one hand and Pelagianism on the other, we do not remember a better illustration than he and his disciples afford of the pithy saying of "Lacon," that "we should act with as much earnestness as those who expect everything from themselves, and pray with as much earnestness as those who expect everything from God."

The peculiar power of Methodism lies in the practical, wise, humane tendency of its efforts. "By their fruits ye shall know them" is its leading motto, and we believe it can well abide this test. No church, except the Roman Catholic, can compare with the Methodist in the active determination to do away the reproof that "the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." No church has done so much, (notwithstanding what has been or may be said about the despotic *power* of its hierarchy,) to defend the doctrine of the equal sanctity of sincere ministers of God, whether formally ordained or not; a favorite saying among Methodists is, that "it takes the whole Church to preach the Gospel" (certainly then to perform it).

Perhaps in no one quality did the founder of Methodism more nearly resemble his great Master, than in that true wisdom which is born, not of fear, not of time-serving selfishness, but of God-serving love for the soul of man. That "wisdom from above" was conspicuous in every word and step of this holy man. It inspired that eminent tact by which he felt his way along, *desiring barely to follow Providence, as it gradually opened*. It manifests itself in his pithy comments upon incident and character,—in the very neatness and nicety of his style of expression,—in the pat use of Scripture texts. It was strikingly exhibited in the way (*ingenious* without ceasing to be *ingenuous*) in which he steered clear of the dangers that lay in the Quietism of the Moravians, the Calvinism of Whitefield, and the Ecclesiasticism of Charles Wesley, and in the eclectic spirit that got what was good from each, the quietness from Quietism, the sentiment of the sovereignty of

Divine grace from Calvinism, and from Ecclesiasticism that reverence for "Heaven's first law" which made him for years cling to the hope of reforming the English Church without going out of it, and indeed to the day of his death unwilling to do more than provide against the future contingency "that Methodism would be compelled, sooner or later, to take an independent and permanent form."

We are not sure that Methodism can be as successfully defended against the charge of a tendency (or liability) to bigotry in matters of Christian discipline, as in those of doctrine. Nobly, indeed pre-eminently, have the Methodists held forth and carried out the precept, "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all for the glory of God." Strenuously have they contended for the infusing of religion all through the daily life; but whether they have not been in danger of making the maxim read "life for religion" instead of "religion for life," whether they have not too often adopted too narrow and formal and precise an idea of what religion is, and judged other men's character and conduct with an unwise severity, is a question we are not prepared to answer in the negative.

Of one thing we are confident, that the Methodist movement will be so guided by a good Providence, as to be made a mighty help towards the reign of brotherly equality among men, and of that genuine and wholesome universalism in theology, upon which we believe the coming of that heavenly kingdom so much depends.

ART. IV. — RECENT WORKS ON SYRIA AND THE HOLY LAND.

1. *Asia Mineure et Syrie. Souvenirs de Voyages par MME. LA PRINCESSE DE BELGIOJOSO.* Paris: Michael Levy. 1858. 8vo. pp. 424.
2. *Palestine, Past and Present, with Biblical, Literary, and Scientific Notices.* By REV. HENRY S. OSBORN, A.M. Philadelphia: James Challen and Son. 1859. Royal 8vo. pp. 600.
3. *The Land and the Book, or Biblical Illustrations drawn from the Manners and Customs, the Scenes and Scenery of the Holy Land.* By W. M. THOMSON, D.D. New York: Harpers. 1859. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 560, 614.

BOOKS of Syrian travel and descriptions of the Holy Land have received already their full share of notice in the pages of this journal; and perhaps our readers are already weary of these topics. This consideration has hindered us from bringing into prominent notice several entertaining volumes in French and English which have come to our hands, and it will prevent us in the present instance from occupying the space to which the fit treatment of the theme might seem otherwise lawfully entitled. The "Christian Examiner" ought not, certainly, to neglect any important work on the land of the Saviour, or any valuable contribution to Biblical geography.

The three works above named are valuable and important: the first, from the rank, reputation, and ability of its author; the second, from the magnificent style in which it is issued; and the third, from the novelty of its plan and the fulness and variety of its details. The sacrifices and sufferings of the Princess Belgiojoso in behalf of freedom, not less than her keen wit and her rare powers of observation, would bespeak respectful attention to any work that might come from her pen. This volume, on Asia Minor and Syria, is the best fruit of her years of exile. It illustrates her patience and her courage, and shows that the spirit which could brave Austrian tyranny, and lose for conscience' sake a princely heritage, can be as firm and calm in encountering Arab robbers, and in enduring the fatigues of journeys in the wilderness. One of the charming features of this volume is its radiant cheerfulness.

It has none of the morbid tone of Lamartine or Didier; the exile never seems to feel her solitude, or regret what she has lost; we are not vexed with sighs and lamentings, or perpetual comparisons of Syrian skies and hills with the skies and hills of France or Italy. But even without a pilgrim's faith, with a constant sly rationalism amusing itself over the legends of monkery in the Holy Land, this traveller goes on from city to city, over Taurus and Lebanon and the mountains of Ephraim, with all the zeal and joy of a "passionate pilgrim."

The chapters of this volume of the Princess Belgiojoso were originally published in successive numbers of the *Révue des Deux Mondes*. They contain the record of a journey made in the first half of the year 1852, from her home in Anatolia to the city of Jerusalem, and of her return by a different route. The whole of this difficult and dangerous journey was made by land, — a feat which practised travellers of the other sex have rarely accomplished, and which is still more remarkable when performed by a woman of delicate organization, in company with an invalid daughter, and with no male companion of her own rank and country. Of the privations and perils incident to such a journey the Princess found no lack; but she passed gayly through them all, and in the end her expedition was a success. It acquainted her with the characteristics of primitive races, it opened before her new scenes of natural beauty, and enabled her more intelligently to compare the various sects of the East, and to judge more candidly the institutions of monasticism. Her views on these topics are the best things in the record which she has given.

The account which Madame Belgiojoso gives of Southern Syria, of what is properly Palestine, is more superficial than her sketch of Asia Minor and Northern Syria, and is, we are sorry to say, frequently inaccurate. She neglects to see much that an orthodox curiosity would have sought; her Biblical knowledge is rather confused, and her mistakes of names are quite annoying. She calls Naplous (the ancient Shechem) "*l'ancienne Samarie*," whereas the true site of Herod's capital is the town of Sebastieh, on a hill two hours northwest of Naplous. She blunders about the names of tombs in the valley of Jehosaphat; says that the row of remarkable monu-

ments in that ravine mark the resting-place of "Absalom and two of his companions"; calls the grotto of Jeremiah, near the Damascus Gate, "the grotto of Isaiah"; sees *fish* in the Dead Sea; finds herself on the plain of Jericho "*sur les lieux mêmes où les terribles trompettes de Gédéon avaient retenti*," forgetting that Gideon's battle was on the plain of Jezreel, while Joshua's trumpets sounded the assault at Jericho; calls Djenin "*Djer-rim*," and Batroun "*Badoun*"; finds neither "beauty nor character" in the Lake of Tiberias and its environs; and gives throughout most hasty and imperfect descriptions of the sacred localities which she visits, particularly of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. She evidently has more interest in the existing life of Palestine than in its sacred legends. Manners and customs, men and things; women in the harem, whose life she was permitted frequently and fully to witness; Oriental dances, the graceless indecency of which she does not try to veil by fine words, as do so many travellers of the other sex; Aleppo boils, the absurd inconvenience of which she painfully experienced; the richness of Damascus houses; the consul's hogs at Alexandretta, which her American servant mistook for "dogs of a rare species, and could not be convinced of his error"; Lebanon cedars, with the names of visitors carved on their trunks, reminding her of a hotel register; Protestant missionaries, whose sincerity she praises, but the success of whose labors she does not estimate very highly; and American travellers, a class by themselves;—such topics as these are touched and set off in her piquant style. We quote as a specimen her notice of an American travelling party, which she met at Bludan, near Damascus:—

"The group which most drew my attention was composed of four young ladies, belonging to what is called in America the 'aristocracy,' that is to say, to families a long time settled in the New World, and enjoying all the advantages of fortune. These damsels were intrusted to a lady (*une dame*), whom, at the risk of offending, and in default of a more fit phrase of comparison, I should rank in the category of the 'boarding-house keeper.' The said lady dragged after her a wretched husband, always on the border of the tomb. Inconvenient as was this situation, it in no way hindered the progress of the travellers, for the lady was profoundly convinced that movement and change of air

are marvellously suited to delicate health. These four young ladies, and their couple of instructors, had run through Egypt and the Syrian desert, and were now proposing to finish their instructive travel by a residence of some months in the chief capitals of Europe. 'In the mean time they had visited the states of Queen Zenobia, where the Arabs had crowned the governess' queen of Palmyra, a title that only Lady Hester Stanhope had borne before her (to say nothing of Zenobia). This coronation had not been foreseen by the relatives of the four young misses. But leaving aside this little episode, I do not see how such a journey, done on camels, in desert regions and among Arabs, could contribute to form the minds and hearts of these young women, destined to live in another hemisphere, in the midst of a very different civilization and society, or aid them to become submissive daughters, faithful wives, or sagacious mothers. I do not contend that such a journey must do them any harm, beyond the risk of sun-strokes, local fevers, or some physical accident; but I regard it as wholly unnecessary, and it seems to me, moreover, that the parents who think it proper and useful would do well to administer themselves this cordial to their children. Not waiting for my opinion to be adopted by the heads of families in the United States, our four young ladies kept on in their wanderings, drawing after them some young European travellers of leisure, while the learned 'Queen of Palmyra' read aloud indifferently well, to the young ladies and gentlemen, some passages of the Scripture genealogies, or some geographical treatises, 'in order,' said she, 'that the young people may get from their journey all desirable profit.'

The work of Mr. Osborn is a work of more pretension than the Princess Belgiojoso's modest record of travel. It is issued in the same elegant style as the "Jerusalem" of Dr. Barclay, which we noticed in this journal a year ago. In the copy which has been sent to us the *Preface* is omitted, as was the case in the first edition of Dr. Barclay's work. We cannot say, therefore, that the author has intended to offer this as a scientific and exhaustive account of the Holy Land, or that he claims for his book what the publisher's advertisements have claimed for it. If so, he has certainly failed. The book has striking merits; its paper and type are of the best quality; the large number of wood and steel engravings are admirably executed; the chromographs of birds and flowers are very beautiful, — though we cannot say as much for the chromo-

graphs of Beirût, the Syrian Castle, and the Lake of Tiberias, which are absurdly over-colored and unlikelike, or of the Map of Palestine, which is included among them, but is given without any coloring. The geographical appendix, with the latitudes, longitudes, and Scriptural references of every place mentioned in the Bible, is very full and convenient; the notes at the bottom of the page make great show of learning, and supply by their variety an occasional lack of accuracy; and the style is easy and clear, and not more egotistic than we might expect from a writer who adds to his name on the title-page, — "A. M., Prof. Natural Science in Roanoke College, Salem, Va., Member of the American Scientific Association, and Hon. Member of Malta (Mediterranean) Scientific Institute"!

Mr. Osborn's personal knowledge of the Holy Land is even more limited than that of ordinary tourists. He did not visit Hebron, Gaza, Cæsarea Philippi, Acre, or Mount Carmel, though he prefixes the name of Carmel to one of his chapters. Askelon and Ashdod, and the whole Philistine country, are omitted from his survey. We cannot see that he has added anything by way of discovery, either in antiquities, names, or localities, to what more deliberate investigators have noticed. His historical discussions seem to be taken up from a solemn sense of duty, and to be as much out of place as they are heavy and tiresome. He undertakes in the third chapter to describe the Druses; how correctly may be inferred from the fact that most of his information is drawn from the prejudiced work of Volney. Mr. Osborn makes no mention of Colonel Churchill's work, which he evidently has not seen, and alludes to De Sacy, only to misspell his name. What is meant by the singular statement (p. 81), that the Maronites made "innovations upon the Druses"? We must take leave, moreover, to question the justness of Mr. Osborn's views on the subject of the "horn" which the Druse matrons are accustomed to wear. His argument to show that the Scriptural use of the term has no bearing upon this custom, because *tantûr* and *keren* are different words, seems to us very unsatisfactory. Indeed, all the critical discussions in the volume could be spared without injury. Mr. Osborn is more at home in geology, conchology,

and natural science generally, than in ecclesiastical history or archæology, and only in the former provinces is he a competent observer. What he says about the rocks, shells, flowers, and animals is worth remembering. We are not, however, ready to believe that any shell has been, or will be, found in Palestine, of "several feet diameter" (p. 164). His mention of the curious sponge which he found near Sarepta, full of little hairs of flint, is new, so far as we can remember. So also is his plan of the mosque at Hebron, which he gives in default of any personal narrative of a visit to this town.

Some of Mr. Osborn's illustrations are queer. He is reminded by the wrath of his dragoman of the ready-written sermons sold in London, "in a certain little street, — warranted orthodox, never preached, and twenty minutes." His argument to prove that the Bedouins are *Deists*, and only Deists, is original. His views on the subject of Italian angels, — "quite below par," as he expresses it, "their heads, wings, and feathers as common as mosquitos," — are very edifying. He was privileged to hear a *bêll* from the hill of Nebi Ismail at Nazareth; a privilege which no traveller has enjoyed before him, and for which a lively imagination must aid the sense of hearing. In the little mosque on Olivet, he saw a "hole in the rock several inches wide and as many deep, where we were gravely told that the Saviour left the mark of his walking-stick when he made his ascension." The attendant must have been making sport of his master's credulity. The hole of which he speaks has scarcely an inch of superficial depth, is in the form of a foot-print, and has been regarded, from Jerome to Chateaubriand, by all orthodox pilgrims, as the last foot-print of the Saviour. No respectable guide would treat it so irreverently as to call it the impression of a *walking-stick*. He sees, too, from a point near Jerusalem, the waters of the Jordan "blue against a background of hills, and very beautiful in the early sunlight." To enjoy such a view, he must have used some highly refracting optical medium, since the waters of the Jordan are too densely shaded by their bordering thickets to be seen directly from any distant point. His judgment of the Arabs of Jericho is as much too harsh as his judgment of the Christians of Bethlehem is too favorable. It is unwise for

any man to pronounce dogmatically upon the morals of a town which he has seen only for an hour or two, or of a people whose language he cannot understand. The statement that one of Saladin's names was "Job" will be new to most readers, who had supposed that his name was "Yussef"; as indeed Mr. Osborn in another place (p. 248) allows that it was. His estimate of the length of the plain of Gennesaret is far out of the way. He calls it "half a mile wide and one and a half miles long." To double these proportions would not be unjust. And his estimate of the descent from Nazareth to the Lake of Tiberias is hopelessly obscure. It is impossible to comprehend his calculations, or understand what he means, when he says that the land between this lake and the Mediterranean near Tuvan, a little village about ten miles west of the town of Tiberias, is fifteen hundred and twenty-five feet. Tuvan, if only ten miles west of Tiberias, would be much nearer to the Sea of Galilee than to the Mediterranean, as the distance in a right line between the two seas is not less than twenty-five miles. Mr. Osborn, in his loose measurements, is very different from Dr. Robinson, whom he evidently tries to imitate in his style of observation.

The work of Dr. Thomson is more unpretending in its tone and less elegant in its dress than the ponderous work of Mr. Osborn which we have noticed. Its intrinsic worth is, nevertheless, far greater. If we cannot speak of it in terms of unqualified praise, and are compelled emphatically to differ from many of its topographical conclusions, we do not the less cheerfully commend it as a real addition to our knowledge of the Holy Land, and a most important aid in the interpretation of the Scriptures. It goes over a great deal of ground, more than we remember in any single work in the English tongue, describes many places which no previous traveller has described, and mentions even in familiar places many things which had before escaped notice. It brings the whole land before us, exploring every nook and corner, from Phœnicia to the Arabian desert. Scarcely any portion of the zigzag route which Dr. Thomson follows lies on the beaten track of travel. He takes the reader to see every object of interest, whether in tradition, natural scenery, or social importance. Very numer-

ous woodcuts embellish the volume, and assist the reader; but, unfortunately, the engraving does not well second the original design, and scenes that are new and attractive are very coarsely presented. The Harpers' editions are never remarkable for the excellence of their woodcuts.

Dr. Thomson's long residence in the Holy Land, his intimate acquaintance with the language and manners of the people, his frequent excursions northward, southward, and eastward, his connection with more than one scientific exploring party, his opportunities to revise, correct, and mature his opinions, would insure for him a substantial and well-considered treatise. Such a work may be regarded as not the least valuable fruit of his mission and life in Syria. If his success in making converts from the various tribes of Syria has been scanty, he will at least in these volumes return to the churches and pastors of his native land good interest for their outlay. His excessive reverence for the letter of the Sacred Word, which shows itself on all occasions, will not annoy the great majority of his readers, but only seem to render his criticisms more trustworthy. Dr. Thomson is an upholder of the literal Scripture against all the cavils of rationalists and all the conclusions of science. "Thus saith the Lord" is sufficient for him, and he would not weaken by any doubt those decisive words. Every miracle must stand as it is literally recorded, in the Old Testament not less than the New. It must be a *whale* which swallowed Jonah, and not a shark or any other fish, because Jesus said it was a whale, and Jesus of course knew. Every act that the Scripture seems to praise, Dr. Thomson feels bound to defend, however questionable its morality. He elaborately argues that Jael was honorable in her treachery to Sisera, and that it was a holy deed when she drove the nail into the temples of her sleeping guest. He cannot see that Jacob's trick to cheat Esau was morally fair, yet he will not doubt its morality, since God chose Jacob, and not Esau. Sometimes he indulges in ingenious pleadings to reconcile fact with the hyperbolical language of the record, as in the case of Samson with the foxes. He is a strict believer in the prophecies as they apply to Jesus; yet, strange to say, he admits the *accommodation* theory in some other applications

of the Old Testament prophecies. This bibliolatry, which may diminish the authority of his volumes with scholars, will undoubtedly give them a wider popularity with the mass of the religious community.

The quasi-dialogue form which Dr. Thomson has adopted, while it prolongs his narrative, lends to this a charm, and makes it easy reading. It is not often that the Socratic method has been applied to a book of travel or geographical information. The effect of it here is certainly very pleasant. Minute as it is, the narrative is never tedious. It was a nice artistic sense which led the author to begin his story at Beirût, the most unbiblical of all the Southern Syrian cities, and end it with Bethany and the Mount of Ascension. Dr. Thomson has grouped picturesquely his redundant materials. He passes from grave to gay, from poetry to history, from fresh flowers to ancient ruins, from meditation to arguments, with a delightful facility. Many of his sketches were written in the fields, on horseback, or beneath the tent, and, throughout, his description of scenery is from present view, and not from memory. His book has no mark of a compilation; and the works of other travellers have been as little drawn upon as Cruden and Calmet. No volumes of the size that we have ever seen furnish so much material for a new Bible Dictionary. Professor Hackett's excellent notes added much to our store of Scriptural illustration, but Dr. Thomson's volumes add far more. They illustrate the natural history of the Bible, the customs, the art, the trade, all the incidents of ancient Jewish life, and, above all, the parables, miracles, and discourses of the Saviour, with a singular freshness and fulness. The details which are given about the dove and the olive, may excuse the needless accompanying vindication of Ararat as the resting-place of the ark. The remarks about the oak are very suggestive, in spite of one or two inelegant expressions, and of the superfluous inquiry whether Abraham dwelt under an *oak* or a *terebinth*, or Absalom was caught by an *alah* or an *allon*. The double index, first of topics treated, and secondly of Scripture texts illustrated, given at the end of each volume, will make these numerous illustrations easier of access.

Such a work may be deemed indispensable to any religious teacher.

Were we to specify the interesting topics treated in this work of Dr. Thomson, we should not know where to begin, or when to stop. It is much easier, though much less pleasant, to note the few defects in what is so full of merit and entertainment; and we may perhaps be excused for saying, that, as an archæological reasoner, Dr. Thomson does not seem to us very careful or altogether candid. He differs with Dr. Robinson often, without giving any reason for his difference; and where his reasons are given, they are, as we think, unsatisfactory. His theory of the site of Capernaum may be allowed to pass; but his remarks upon the topography of Jerusalem are superficial, and his scornful rejection of the traditional site of Gethsemane discredits him as a critic of sacred places. After the ample discussion in the volumes of Robinson and others, one would hardly think that Dr. Thomson could say of the "Tombs of the Kings,"—"I know no good reason for ascribing them to Helena of Adiabene." Is it fair, too, a year after the publication of Barclay's Jerusalem, to say of Bethphage, that it is a town "of which no one now knows anything"? Dr. Thomson, we are constrained to say, treats the discussions of topographers with too much of contempt, and has not the heart to tolerate, as he has not the patience to follow, their ingenious inquiries. Yet he is sometimes quite ready with his own conjectures. He holds, for instance, that the Sychar of the Saviour's time was a different city from the Shechem of the Patriarchs and the modern Nablous; gives as a reason why Jesus never entered Tiberias, that he would become *cereemonially unclean* by walking among its deserted tombs and its degraded populace,—forgetting all at once how Jesus healed lepers and ate with sinners; says of Salim and Enon (which Dr. Barclay has discovered in the vicinity of Jerusalem), that "they *must* have been in the Ghor" of Beisan; adopts the notion that the feet of the messengers on Zion are beautiful because they *stand* on that hill, and not because they *run*, as the most approved modern comment would render it; confounds the "grinders" in Ecclesiastes xii. 3, with "the sound of the grinding" in the following verse, taking no note of the

common opinion, which Macdonald, the last English commentator on Ecclesiastes has repeated, that the "grinders" mean the teeth; denies entirely that the *tares* are wheat *degenerated*; and is quite as ready to catch up correspondence of modern and ancient names, as the slower critics, whose habit in this regard does not seem to please him. The errors of fact in these volumes of Dr. Thomson are few and slight. He sets the Levites upon Ebal instead of Gerizim, gives a wrong title to the church at Bethlehem, and, greatly to our surprise, alters the order of narrative in the book of Samuel, insisting that David played before Saul *after*, and not before, the battle with Goliath. In style the volumes are open to occasional criticism, sometimes for looseness, and now and then in matter of taste. It is hardly dignified to speak of "raising the wind to build a church," or to speak of the "itch" for trading, with the offensive word in italics. A few passages betray the doctrinal ideas of the author, and will sound disagreeably to our unorthodox ears; as where Dr. Thomson speaks of "the God-man, the Divine Logos," sailing on the Galilean Sea; or of the smiling, beautiful infant as a "moral leper," with the poison of leprosy in its soul. Passages such as these are revolting, and stain the general humanity of the book.

We take leave of these volumes with the expression of regret that want of space has prevented us from giving them more adequate notice. We had hoped to include with the works of these three authors the very important Jewish work of Fraukl. But this deserves more than the remnant of an article, and we shall acquaint our readers more fully hereafter with its curious revelations.

ART. V. — DR. ICHABOD NICHOLS.

1. *A Sermon preached at Portland, Maine, at the Funeral of Rev. Ichabod Nichols, D. D., Pastor of the First Church in Portland.* By ANDREW P. PEABODY, Pastor of the South Church in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Published by Request. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, and Company. 1859.
2. *A Ray of Light from his Countenance. A Sermon preached in the Church of the First Parish in Portland, Maine, on Sunday, January 9, 1859, being the first Sunday after the Public Funeral Ceremonies of the Rev. Ichabod Nichols, D. D.* By HORATIO STEBBINS, Pastor of the Parish. Portland: Printed by David Tucker. 1859.

SOME time since, there appeared in many issues of the daily press a paragraph announcing the death in Cambridge of Ichabod Nichols, — telling the public that he was born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, on the 5th of July, 1784, — that he bore his father's name, — that he graduated at Harvard College with the highest honors in the celebrated class of 1802, — that he was Mathematical Tutor in the College, and pursued theological studies from 1805 to 1809, on the 7th of January of which year he became colleague pastor with Dr. Samuel Deane of the First Church in Portland, Maine, — that, after the decease of Dr. Deane, he was sole minister until 1855, when, on account of feeble health, he relinquished active duty, — that he published in 1830 an able work on Natural Theology, — had the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity twice conferred on him, — was member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, — was twice married, — and left, beside his afflicted partner, for his only surviving children, two sons from his first marriage.

We are not sure but the majority of readers, in the universal public, glanced with little interest at even this short record, as respecting one on the dim circumference of their observation, if not altogether out of sight. But we have to say, that to many these few sentences brought back the image of a man, once fairly seen, never to be forgotten. A figure reappeared, noticeable among ten thousand for the surpassing intellectual expression that crowned a vigorous and finely developed physi-

cal frame, and for the moral lustre that played over features, we might not at first judge whether to describe as more beautiful or majestic in their mould. He resembles Goethe, it was often said: and with all the inequalities of nature on one side or the other which such a comparison might immediately, if not amusingly, suggest, some likeness in internal breadth of faculty and versatility of taste might answer to this suspicion of outward similitude. *Trust to the forehead*, runs the Latin phrase; and a believer in external signs might well remark in him the brow, beneath which was an eye mostly half veiled with its lids or perseveringly bent on the ground, but, when lifted, piercing, Napoleon-like, to the beholder's soul; as in all the great, and the greatest of all "that wore our garments on him," something peculiar has been in the look. In the face of that doubt which all posthumous panegyric proverbially encounters, and remembering how many there are to consider all eulogy, in the same light that Dr. Johnson did all eloquence, as exaggeration, we yet presume to bring our fearless attestation of his rarely paralleled magnitude, and in many ways exquisite harmony, of soul.

But if he was great, why did he not make that pervading impression of himself? We answer, they are not alone great who are commonly understood and confessed to be such. "The world knows nothing of its greatest men," says, in his Philip van Artevelde, Henry Taylor. When a distinguished statesman, who had played an important part in the politics of the day, was spoken of as great, *Yes*, replied a thoughtful person in the company, *he was a great man prominent; there are great men retired*. Thomas Carlyle, expressing to one of our countrymen his admiration of Daniel Webster, proceeded to say that Webster's comparatively obscure father, in his New Hampshire struggles and achievements, was probably a greater man; — and it is a question whether the unconscious virtue of the wilderness, with scarce a spectator but One to regard it, has not often, in the sight of that One, vied with and outstripped the self-conscious and most applauded merits of cultivated life. Let not our statement be one-sided and extravagant. We have no idea that men are always and necessarily mistaken in the man they choose for their repre-

sentative, hero, or chief. Greatness may be eminent ; but eminence is not greatness, nor is measureless success, — for little men are sometimes, by accident of affairs, or a humor of the hour, or skilful ambition of their own, lifted up, — as Alexander Pope says, pigmies may be perched on Alps, while pyramids are in the vales. He may or may not be a great man who is loudly so denominated, to whom presents of silver plate are made, on whom literary dignities are conferred, whose name is written in resolutions of eulogy or epitaphs of panegyric on a splendid tomb.

Not impertinent are these remarks ; for the person of whom we speak was emphatically one of the great, unknown in the measure of his greatness : for not alone may some unsuspected and self-concealing author of a matchless book deserve for a while to be so entitled ; but how many scores of persons in every generation are unweighed in the proper moment of their words or deeds ! We know of no contemporary of whom this statement is so remarkably true as of our present subject. We live at a time when many a poor talent is blown in extempore blasts of the trumpet of fame. He had no single feature in common with those notorieties which the diffusion of knowledge, the theory of all men's equality, and the field of boundless opportunity have brought forth, especially in America, of all parts of the world, the most abundant crop. He made no figure in the world adequate to the essential proportions of his mind. His name was not read, as some rather ordinary ones are, in half the newspapers of the land. He was not advertised as a brilliant lecturer, magnificent orator, or able reviewer and keen critic of other men. Some unprincipled diplomatists, high-titled officials, half-piratical adventurers, shall have their doings and sayings in the memories and mouths of men wider than his shall ever come to be. But, as, at the final arbitrament of human destinies, those whose excellence has been so secret and undistinguished they are not aware of it themselves, shall be singled out and brought forth for their reward ; so we think it becoming to imitate a little on earth the principles of the supreme bar. If sometimes a departed personage is magnified because of a demand in the community, sometimes he ought to be magnified because

there is no demand or proper appreciation. Yet, of course, all causes in mind or matter must have relative effects; and this man, though no popular celebrity, was a mighty power to all intelligently within the sound of his voice, the moral breath of his atmosphere, and private circle of his acquaintance. All his peers knew him and felt him, and came to his mind as to a mint; and it has long been with us both a particular pleasure to hear the earnest acknowledgments of his unpretending claims, and also a measure of others' title to belong to the same spiritual peerage, that they had a heart to award them. Said one of the strongest theologians of our age, *I am always quick to perceive when I meet anybody the grip of whose thought is firmer than my own*; and we do not believe any one ever talked with Dr. Nichols, when his rational and religious faculties were fairly mustered, who did not own an equal, if not over-match and master. *He has an instinct for the truth, he tends to the largest views*, said one, after hearing him discourse, at their Annual Conference, to his brethren of the clergy. A friend and contemporary of Dr. Channing tells us that *he*, after listening to his brother Nichols, — whom it seems he was willing to consult as to the merit of his own discourse, — said emphatically, as he went down from the desk, *I could not have done that, — he is my superior*. If the very modesty of this comparative self-judgment may in some respects draw its accuracy into doubt, — and we must recognize in the elder and far more noted minister a charm of style, an art of method, a fineness of taste, a boldness in handling public questions, a faculty of continued meditation on single points, a far-sighted plan of influence, and a broad philanthropy, transcending any kindred manifestations in the object of his praise, — we must allow, on the other hand, that, in reference to organic intellectual robustness, original ability for thinking, and gigantic swing of energy in the chosen theme, such a decision may have been no more lowly than right, though rarely, in the open theatre of fame or sheltered walk of social life, have we a case of such generous admiration to quote. But this is no solitary tribute. One of the most remarkable philosophic and imaginative writers of our country told us, his fancy was so kindled by a Dudleian Lecture, delivered by Dr. Nichols, that he was con-

strained to send him a letter, to which the shrinking preacher made no reply.

As appropriate aids in determining his position, we adduce only some specimens of the estimate in which the highest scholars and teachers themselves held this Doctor of Divinity indeed. Such are befitting witnesses. For, after cherishing the sentiment of universal good-will to our fellow-creatures, we should, next, stand by our order, where we move in the great army of humanity; and among his fellows, belonging to the same rank and order of no vulgar nobility, every one who came in contact with him inevitably took something of his stamp and superscription. He was great, not in the dry, cold light of reason only, wide as was her window in his soul, but had innate pith and instinctive energy. He was no spectator merely, according to the image in the song of Lucretius, surveying the field of conflict in which he would not engage, and for whose combatants he did not care, but rather impassioned and quickly kindled with a holy zeal, if self-distrust hindered him from striking as a leader into the thick of the fight. None, indeed, could touch him without getting burnt with his glorious heat. There is much show of ardor, which is like the theatre's paper-scenery with its painted flame. But no geyser or crater ever sent up a warmer column than that hot-spring and sparkle of his real zeal. One of the most eloquent of men, his eloquence was of the most inartificial and unaffected kind. How far tricks of gesture and compass of intonation, practised under an elocutionist or before the glass, will go with an audience! How utterly he stood in the opposite extreme from this, every one that has heard him speak knows well enough. The near-sighted man, no artist at all in his composition or speech, stood up, holding his paper in one hand, not knowing what became of the other, the new wine of the Holy Ghost, of which like the disciples at Pentecost he was full, animating every fibre, his inspiration not so much expressed as escaping from him, oozing or darting, getting out as it could, in a shiver of the nerves, an involuntary shrug of the shoulders, — or a sudden gaze at the audience, which, though many might not understand all he had been saying, seemed to penetrate every bosom, — till, as we have seen,

in the street or country, a whirlwind commence its motion at one little spot, the spirit of the pulpit, in his best essays, as a mighty blast swept the whole congregation, wherever at least was any sensibility to receive it, and the members of the meeting, profoundly stirred, and not conferring with flesh and blood, walked slowly in their heavenly musing home. One, at least, must here in this tribute affirm how frequently he was left reflecting whether anything in the universe was worth thinking of save this eternal truth and law of God! Truly in him a nature of surpassing reach showed its extraordinary size, not, like the earth-born Anakim, in the gross weight he could lift, but in the extent and splendor of the inspiration he let through!

Is not here, then, a lesson of the nature of that greatness which is the topic and the cant of so much of our discourse, as we ascribe it, perhaps very loosely and incorrectly, to things and persons and performances within our sphere? We, for our own part, confess, when we hearken to what goes for eloquence, when we observe who or what it is that frequently passes for great, when we read of the famous, who blaze in print, march the street, resound their designations on human lips, stand proudly up in church and state, and fill the air with the noise of their achievements, till they themselves boast and rejoice over those whose inferiors they essentially and immeasurably are, — that we feel disposed to turn and count it a duty to direct attention to the real great, as either in imperishable speech or congenial action they spread no shallow pools of display here and there, like patches all over a continent, but dig their Artesian wells of influence.

It is a specific quality of greatness to be, not occasional, but permanent. *He delivers himself admirably to an assembly*, it was said of one, *but when he descends from the desk, he is nothing!* With this man there was, in our knowledge of him, no such descent to dulness and disability. His visitations of power were quite as likely to be out of the pulpit as in it; and he could not so surely work himself up for an occasion, as some men of talent do, there being, as in the old demon of Socrates, an element divine and beyond his own command in the genius of the man. His conversation, or rather monologue, was as marvellous as the best of his preaching. It was

not a jet, but a flood ; not festival water-works, but Niagara. Often in the place where he was, after a few throws of the ball, remark and repartee would cease. Beginning to treat the subject in some original and masterly way, as though mesmerizing himself, or magnetized from above, he would gradually close his eyes, — as it were, leave the company and the room, sink into himself, and then soar, circle after circle, — as a bird draws its wing in and down before stretching it to fly, — into the third, into the seventh heaven, knowing no more than Paul did where or with whom he was, whether in the body or out of the body, as though he, too, heard unspeakable words, and, in his wondrous improvisation, repeated of them all it was lawful for a man to utter ; the unwinding of the revelation going on, till the listeners, who, like those men in Galilee, had stood gazing up into heaven, at last were astonished at the progress of the hands on the clock, and, as they looked on him, wondered whether they saw in him more of the angel of wisdom or the simplicity of a child. We never saw any one who in conversation gave so much ; and the longer it lasted, the better and higher, with wondrous ascending, it grew. After what we may be permitted to call a somewhat wide experience with men of superior talents for communication, we remember none whose lips were more unmistakably touched by a coal from the altar, or with whom the unfailing fuel was, in its bright consuming, so long.

May we not call it a lesson of greatness ? To be great is not to court approbation and thrust one's self into notice ; but to have noble thoughts of God and man, to cherish sublime affections and disinterested purposes, that look to God's glory and man's welfare. For light and aid in constructing a scale of such greatness, which may grow and tower in the humblest soul, what earthly or human measure, obtainable through any ephemeral notice or majority of votes, is comparable to these emanations from the Divinity in the breast ? Verily, the standard of what is or is to be great, is not planted on the highway ! When Jesus was born, he was laid in a manger, because there was no room in the inn, a fact suggesting some queries of perennial significance and world-wide application ! Who then had the first choice of chambers, nay, all the places

in that little village-hostelry of Bethlehem, that Mary, afterwards to be magnified by the Church as Mother of God, and Jesus, to rise to superhuman grandeur as the Saviour of the world, could not be admitted? We do not know who they were. There is no telling forevermore! That list of travellers has perished; host and guest are gone. No genealogy can save them, notable in Judæa as they may have been. The great ones were in the stable, and the World-Redeemer's cradle-song mingled with the lowing of the horned cattle, as Watts divinely sings. It is with the disciple often as with the Lord.

In an era and region of notabilities, as transitory as they are imposing, with many a flagrant instance before us how the varnish of manner and the unction of the outside person may be preferred to the well-beaten oil, and how easy the manufacture of artificial and rhetorical and accepted greatness is, we may well mark this point. Greatness, that is genuine, is never quite accommodated here. It lies in very lowly places sometimes, and its dimensions cannot be immediately taken. *A man passes for what he is worth*, is our rough proverb. Yes, with those that understand him, can enter into and go along with him. But how many always are they? Sometimes how scanty in number! With whom, after he grew to manhood, any more than when a babe, did Jesus Christ pass for what he was worth? How frequently his followers, too, like God's servants in the old dispensation, are strangers on the earth! Still is greatness a patriarch and pilgrim and private sojourner, without due entertainment here below. There is no room for it in terrestrial mansions. It asks heaven, it must pass into immortality for its ample space and verge, and it is itself the best evidence of the celestial dwelling and the everlasting life. There must be an abode for the tenant. The bells of churches rang, the clergy of every name assembled at the funeral of the good and great man of whom we speak, in spontaneous, instinctive testimony; but as everything that is really weighty in the sea floats mostly unseen, so deep beyond all such knowledge or celebration was that nature of his in communion with God, in the ocean of his love.

In truth, most great and singular of all in its fulness was the purely religious trait in his character. Vast as was his

general knowledge, delicate his power to weigh arguments or men, and potent the impassioned imagination which would often, like a compound blowpipe, melt the most refractory substances, and condense the long, cool process of reason as into a flying ball of fire, — this was invariably and infallibly discernible, that the fact, the logic, the electric bolt, were all in the service of piety and faith. His greatness was never more evident than in his exercise of prayer. His hearers, it is true, could not always, as we say, *follow* him in it. It was plain as the alphabet, and easy as Scripture, and flowing as the melody of a sacred verse, to him; but it was not indeed always clear and level to the apprehensions of those he was with. It sank into every depth of thought. It rose to every height of aspiration. It was a striving with the secret spirit; it was a ratiocination before the throne; it was a sublime colloquy with God. Now it would be simple as childhood's first lisping of its smallest words, and anon profound and complicated with considerations of the Divine Being which few human ones could comprehend. If a sermon by another had preceded it, in his concluding petition, sometimes, like a musician we have heard of, oblivious of time, he would reshape the theme at length, with glorifying accompaniments, in chambers of imagery the Deity might not refuse to enter, while mortal creatures were amazed at the solemn and artless splendor of this new sort of Holy of Holies. No ascriptions ever ascended where there was less of mere memory, mechanical form, or liturgical repetition; although perhaps it must be owned, in prayer as well as sermon, there was not seldom excess of involution, possibly occasional vagueness, and something of unsmelted ore, as well as the pure metallic gold of feeling and idea. This was the incidental defect in a grand posture of mind. It was the unknown, perhaps unknowable, language of profound and peculiarly individual conceptions of Deity. Like inscriptions on ancient obelisks, which the traveller from afar wonders at, but cannot read, he had parts of speech which were to listeners in general an unknown tongue, as indeed the utterance of the Spirit is as yet far from being all men's vernacular. *What are you looking at?* we ask of one whose eye is fixed long and eagerly in one

direction. High up always was the aspect of this man. Truth and the God of truth were what he looked at and held for ever in lofty survey.

In fine, this was a man of great benignity. He disliked strife, stirred up no dividing questions, but carried, perhaps with over-caution, only the smoothing-plane of peace in his hand. He was, indeed, of a nervous and peculiar temperament. The most filial reverence must not be blind to the boundaries of its object; and none more than he could afford to have his limitations indicated without harm to his permanent repute. Definitions and negations may be unwelcome; but wholly worthless are words of indiscriminating praise. The estimate of a mountain's grandeur depends upon the light and shade, the sloping sides and huge ravines that mark its form against the sky; and slight and inevitable as its seams and valleys showed in this man's outline any apparent defects. Lovers and admirers sometimes are unwilling to suffer any deduction from their favorite saint or friend: he shall not have any shadow, but only a vertical sun shining on his head! But the shadow is a measure of the height; and how great can the stature be which casts none that is appreciable even by the common sight? Some may have found, in him whom we commemorate, variable moods, and more of general benevolence than particular regard. His manners certainly often had the most exquisite charm and exceeding attraction. His smile and his tone were both alike to the eye and ear benedictions. We have heard a departed elder in the ministry dilate on the almost unparalleled courtesy with which he was wont to receive his brethren at his own door. But this benignity was rather goodness to all who came within his view, than the special sympathy which, beyond immediate kindred and acquaintance, goes out to a multitude of individuals. It was a broad, far-shining light; not a row of candles, of which everybody could have one. It was a sun, which did not go travelling round from street to street, and whose rays would not reach you unless you went into them or opened your chamber-windows. He had not the talent or inclination to multiply himself. Invited to any service, he would, in declining, talk more sense than would be in another

man's performance, and enough, in good sooth, for all the parts. In the slight relation he had with most men, without or within his common round, some might find the principal deduction from his power, and a partial explanation of whatever was unsuccessful, as well as great, in his course. The reflective and absorbed, if not absent-minded man, did not habitually go far out of himself. The exquisite susceptibility of his frame caused in him a kind of timidity. He wanted his cloak; he feared the draught from the door; he felt unequal to the case; he dreaded the undertaking. He had almost to be dragged, if indeed anybody was strong enough to drag *him*, to be an actor in any scene of unusual excitement or exhibition. This was not from lack of will or earnestness. There was resolution enough in him, and, well housed as it was, combustible matter too; none of the stuff of manhood was left out. But intrinsic modesty often withstood enterprise and constrained to inaction. Many doubtless wondered the great man did not approach them. But if many in the community, as we have said, did not know he was great, he least of all knew it, or saw in any one's mind that reason for approaching or condescending. Like Moses, when the Almighty seemed almost to come down with him from the Mount, *he* wist not that his face shone. He was sensitive, and expected others' kindly regard and notice as much as they did his. Thus he may have fallen short.

Yet we must take a man for what he was on the whole, and not condemn him for default of what nature perhaps forbade him to be. *He is not — like somebody else!* — we exclaim. Why should he be? If he is like himself, and true to God's mission in himself, it is enough. There are diversities of administrations. Beautiful unspeakably are the numberless attentions of a pastor to the members of his flock, if they be rendered with individual affection, genuine concern to each, and without formality, official assumption, or verbal routine to any. But if they are indiscriminating and technical, paid in a wholesale way, at the expense either of thoroughness of study or specific cordiality of regard, they make the worst case of depreciated value. We talk of the congregation as the *sheep*, and of earthly guides as the *shepherds*. But, as one

has said, *grown-up people are getting tired of being denominated or considered as any man's sheep!* A more equal, sincere, and manly relationship is coming to unite the teacher with the taught. Why should the minister be distinguished, as a *divine*, from those who have alike with him received the Holy Spirit? Why should not they reciprocate with him regards and visits on terms of mutual good-will?

Doubtless it is a minister's duty to make a relation both of useful instruction and beneficent sympathy, individually as well as collectively, with all among whom he is placed; and it is unfortunate if anything in his organism limits his practical range. It is wise, however, not to demand excessive and perpetual traversing of the circuit of calls, when it is remembered how seldom the genius born of solitude can be combined with the grace of endless activity. Precious is sympathy; but God have mercy on those tempted by any complaint or exaction to affectation of it! When the dear gift of actual fellowship with all persons meets, for a wonder, in the same minister, with aptness to instruct them in the deep things of God, what rare and well-nigh miraculous light the two gems of faculty cast on each other! If we claim not both of the gems, each other's foils, for this teacher, it is because sincerity finds few so endowed, and none without fault. At times self-coiled and inattentive as a silk-worm to those that stood or passed by, he wove his precious web. He was in his abyss, perhaps, when somebody wanted his care. But no one's strength can go into all human faculties and offices at once and alike; for every development there is corresponding deficiency. Dr. Nichols was lowly and accessible, very tenderly affectionate to every token or appeal; but he went not about very extensively expending himself in manifold acts and volunteer offices for others. He stayed at home, (if our readers will pardon the allusion,) like the king in the story, "counting his money." Yet, oh! it was money of a peculiar coinage, verily, in the realm of the great Sovereign, freely, lavishly given to all who came, though it was not his custom to seek among a thousand people to distribute it. He did not often, in set way, *introduce the subject of religion*; but in all he said, he ever was the subject of religion. A man of centralized, in-

stead of diffused might, a spiritual realist and no holy formalist, small was the portion of human beings with whom, after the ratio of his ability, he was connected, and feeble his popularity as compared with the amount of his manhood. But so, more or less, with real greatness it always is. If he failed of unlimited reach, he made impressions for eternity on those bound to him by inward affinity, and his life was an offering to the Father he worshipped so fervently, and to the Master and supernatural Redeemer he loved and trusted with all his heart. In such greatness of faith, affection, and loyalty, who, with the greatest, may not have a share?

Our object in this imperfect yet altogether conscientious sketch has been to make the payment of a personal debt a contribution also, as all even partial portraiture of greatness and goodness must be, to the public weal. Our limits do not allow detailed criticism of the two discourses whose titles we have transcribed. We can only speak generally of their respective qualities.

Dr. Peabody's sermon at the funeral sets forth the faith which the subject of his eulogy had so transcendently exemplified, with the warmth of his own filial reverence and love, at the same time with a discerning wisdom, adverting, so far as the tenderness of the occasion would allow, to the characteristics of Dr. Nichols's mind and the course of his history. With admirable breadth and brevity he sketches the incidents of his career, dwells fondly on his noble and unspotted name, and portrays, in simple and touching words, the rare glory of his closing days with the unsurpassed heights and humility of his death, of which we have heard that one very near to him said that it was "immortality manifest." Piously with sweet spices alone he embalms the departed, disclosing with many a touch the motions of the *right* hand of his power, while upon the *left* hand of constitution or performance, which was in him as in every mortal that has breathed, he does not think the hour of his obsequies a time to dwell. We rejoice in all the matter and manner of this filial service.

While Dr. Peabody speaks from the knowledge and intimate regard of a quarter of a century, Mr. Stebbins had but a passing acquaintance on which to draw for his characteristics.

The unqualified overflow of tender reminiscence which the heart is fain to prescribe, and which must have made the sentences of the former speaker so grateful to those who surrounded the remains of the old minister, relative, and friend, could not be expected, nay, was not possible, in the speech of the latter, whom Providence neither put into close acquaintance and ample opportunity of spiritual embrace with his subject, nor ordained for him any special similarity of nature or perfect coincidence of sphere. Mr. Stebbins does not follow the accepted style of eulogy. He introduces notes of distinction into his strain of praise; he reproduces in words his own mental impression, exact as a daguerreotype. He ventures the perilous and extraordinary originality of entire plain-speaking. He makes allusions and tells anecdotes of a propriety questionable to some, and the sound of which might please or hurt, according to the idea of the speaker's purpose in the mind of one or other of the audience. But it is very clear that his purpose was made up wholly of kindness and truth. Thus presuming, we affirm our earnest and undoubting judgment that the surviving pastor has rendered a noble and permanently valuable tribute to his colleague and predecessor. A wide-reaching splendor of idea, and a genuine poetic eloquence of sentiment and expression, elevate the theme, and give to the preacher's hearty and exceeding commendation a preciousness which any exceptions he indicates enhance, like the valley-views that offset and measure the altitude of the hills. So can all mortal estimates only hint the ascent and lustre of spiritual and undying virtue.

Thus have we attempted, however poorly, some acknowledgment of obligation to the rare and peculiar personality that has been with us, and passed on its upward way, — not writing under the guidance of the old maxim, *Say of the dead nothing but good!* — nor trying to present him perfect, as eulogists often display their subjects; for it may be questioned whether the colorless white light and blinding dazzle of absolute laudation, that is so common, does not rather hide the features it is meant to reveal, as every mortal countenance is recognized only in a certain variety and contrast of hues. A man of magnificent size can afford to do without a smooth-

faced praise. He belongs not to his kindred and particular friends alone ; and, as Cromwell cried out when he sat to an artist, *Paint me as I am*, — a higher law than that of private affection binds us to offer him truly, as one that belongs not to contemporaries only, but to posterity and the world.

Nothing stands more in need of correction than the usual panegyric of obituary notices and ecclesiastic resolutions, dealing so largely as it does in what we should call *unconscious hypocrisy*, if this were not a contradiction in terms, and *sincere cant* were not the better phrase. Certainly the disposition always existing, to weigh with jealous nicety words touching the departed, should not induce fulsome adulation, and cannot excuse any careless inaccuracy, because coexisting with abundant compliment, in our terms. With a truly grand personage for our theme, what any one of us may say can be, indeed, but of little moment. It will hardly alter fact or fame in regard to the mighty character we treat. But truth of testimony is as essential on our part as was any real trait in the worth we would blazon.

If, therefore, — making one more effort, after a brief glimpse for our readers as well as ourselves of the face our pencil has been busy to transfer, — our present maturity should consult with our childhood for a report, we should speak of Dr. Nichols as one whose pulpit discourses, not seldom vague, remote, and balking our youthful faculty, would occasionally, when some event or journey had moved him, burst forth with matchless and electrifying power, — the gentle and solemn tones of whose voice in reading the Scriptures, especially the great doxologies of the Psalms, can never be forgotten, — whose visits were apt to be short and few, but whose benign looks and peculiarly musical laugh made an impression to linger through life, — whom, however, though he was unconscious of any difficulty, for some reason we could not commonly approach, or have contact and intercourse with, even in his personal presence, — whose mind did not so much meet that of the listener, as it chanted on, in its serene height, of the goodness of God and the beauty of the creation, — who, not lacking affection in his own nature, and perhaps from over-acuteness of sensibility, could not come close enough to give sym-

pathy, to the wiping of tears from mutual eyes, to a great number of persons,— who was himself ever lovely, yet appearing at seasons as an abstract personification of goodness and love, and sometimes, in his high, unwearied soaring, like a disembodied spirit, ready to meet and thank its Creator, rather than one intimately acquainted with the strugglings and strivings of those below to reach his side. Such is the image, in a true, cordial, and revering memory of him, which we are sure more than one will verify, which may throw a ray of light on any diversity of unreconciled impressions of his nature, and which we are not ashamed, for ourselves, to hold here in the shadow, or very consciousness, of his bright, translated soul.

On this whole matter,— whether we be pleased or grieved with others' criticism on the living or the dead, and whether we have reason or not in either case to be so,— let us be just enough to remember on how many delicate conditions even our most rational satisfaction depends. The critic must be possessed with that imaginative sympathy, or tact in its largest sense, which introduces him to the heart, and enables him to look out of the eyes of his subject, as well as take an outside survey, and which forewarns him of the effect on those tenderly attached of every word he may use, though it should not prevail on him to use a single one with which his own conscience does not go along. In no task, too, involving the employment of language, are the diamond scales, which so few have in their mental furniture, so necessary to decide the bearing of every almost imponderable expression; while, after all, the inevitable imperfection of all language will in no enterprise more emphatically appear, than in that of the appreciation of human character, many-sided and variable to the observer's eye as it is, and difficult to paint as a bird on the wing. These arrows of the pen or the tongue often hit not the mark at which they were aimed, or, like missiles that glance aside, even wound those they were meant to defend. How often we are surprised to find that our most innocent and kindly utterances excite a feeling opposite to that from which they proceed! Moreover, by hardly less than the heart-drawing of a whole life to the living theme can we become so versed with the unfath-

omable springs of thought and conduct in a mortal breast, as to project any fair photograph of them on the poor surface of a printed page! Every artist, to whom a soul may sit, will of course take a particular direction in his composition or speech. As in the mathematical problem of reducing many mechanical powers to a single line, so from ten thousand testimonies must our moral resultant be gained. Only one Judge, at a look from his eternal seat, can see and determine, in wisdom and mercy, every creature's quality and fate.

ART. VI. — SIAM.

The Kingdom and People of Siam; with a Narrative of the Mission to that Country in 1855. By SIR JOHN BOWRING, F. R. S., Her Majesty's Plenipotentiary in China. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1857. 2 vols. 8vo.

THESE agreeable volumes form by no means a full picture of Siam, as Dr. Bowring was permitted an acquaintance with little more than the capital and the court. A very small book would have contained all he really had to add to the narratives of Crawford and Pallesfoix; but, by ingenious interpolations of former history, by frequent repetitions of the tedious minutiae of Asiatic despotism, by abundant references to his own successful efforts, he has contrived to spread himself out over two sizable octavos, and yet carry us neither beyond the threshold of the country nor the commencement of the subject.

In the Farther India lies this little-visited peninsula, a narrow land stretching between Burmah and Cochin China, with an unknown population of perhaps seven millions, with a wilderness country of one hundred and ninety thousand square miles, with hardly any internal communication save by rivers and canals; the principal stream, the Meinam, "the father of waters," overflowing its banks annually like the Nile, and spreading inexhaustible fertility over its adjacent lands. Having been distracted by wars, oppressed by the worst kind of taxation, and cut off from the inspiration of a profitable com-

merce, large portions of this hilly country remain an untrodden jungle, wooded with fragrant and costly forest-trees, tenanted by the tiger, the rhinoceros, the elephant, and their mates, but capable of sustaining almost as crowded a population as China, with the necessities, if not the luxuries, of daily life.

The Siamese, inferior naturally to the European races, have been made still more inert and hopeless by the combined weight of an unimprovable religion, an unmitigable despotism, and a hopelessly embarrassed commerce. They have all the virtues, and lack none of the vices, of their Asiatic neighbors. They are gentle but cowardly, reverential but superstitious, temperate but servile, passionless and unenterprising, imitative but unartistic, peculiarly humane and marvellously indolent, "not dangerous as enemies, but not to be trusted as friends." On the other side of the picture, they are exceedingly fond of their offspring, quite indulgent to their women, remarkably tender in their treatment of animals, and far superior to the semi-barbarians of the adjacent isles.

Two events, perhaps three, in their isolated history, have had a general interest to the world, before the liberal treaty of commerce obtained by Sir John Bowring, which is the occasion of the present work;—the introduction of Buddhism, the still prevalent religion, from Ceylon, in the seventh century of our era, and the Siamese embassy of Louis XIV., which promised great things for the world as well as for this beleaguered land, but which was brought to naught through the murder of the Siamese minister who had anticipated the progress of events by almost a century. Perhaps we should add the appearance of the Siamese Twins among us and in Europe, some twenty-eight years ago, who are now bound to our adopted soil by as strong ties as those which unite them inseparably to one another.

To the present emperor, Mongkut, the credit is due of freely opening his kingdom to European influences, and granting all possible concessions to European commerce;—though not improbably the selfish interests of leading men, the traditional habits of the people, and the arrogant impatience of some foreign merchants, may disappoint the hopes that have been cherished of national elevation.

The three Siamese, most interesting to foreigners are the king, the subking, and their prime minister; all of them amiable, liberal, enlightened, progressive spirits; united in the desire of fraternizing with the rest of the world, and the preference of foreign institutions to their own. The king himself is a scholar and a reformer,—has learned Latin from the French missionaries, and English from the American. He has introduced printing-presses and types, both of English and Siamese character, is especially fond of astronomy, can calculate an eclipse, and has made many contributions by his own hand to the history of his country; so that he is relatively a man of wonderful learning, whose reign can hardly help becoming an era in the history of his country, not only by his truly liberal spirit to all other nations and religions, but by the generous treaty recorded in these volumes, which abolishes all monopoly, invites the commerce of the whole world, and only exacts a tariff sufficient to sustain necessary state expenses. Still, a country almost destitute of bridges, roads, inns, facilities of land intercourse,—dependent so entirely upon the water for intercommunication,—occupied by a population generally satisfied with their hereditary lethargy,—cannot be expected at once to avail itself of the mines of wealth in its rice and sugar fields, its sandal and teak wood forests. Besides, there is a power behind the throne mightier than the throne itself. All Asiatic countries are proverbially immovable, and Siam might claim the highest honors in that army which sits with folded arms in its tents while the rest of the world march on. In a most conspicuous matter the present monarch is overruled by public sentiment, and obliged to conform his private life to ancient tradition. Three thousand females constitute the royal establishment. They are not all of them wives; but such a court is evidently out of keeping with the enlightened views he has obtained in intercourse with Christians, as well as a severe burden upon the finances of the empire.

The relation of the second king to the first, entailing the expense of a second court establishment, a second army and seraglio, and impeding the discharge of business by the necessity of a concurrence which has always to be obtained, prompt-

ing in case of dissatisfaction political intrigue and civil war, seems to be another legendary absurdity which the nation has not begun to outgrow. This second sovereign, Chow-Fa, is approached with nearly equal reverence as the first. Two thousand troops guard his royal person. In the present case, he seems to be even more estimable, intelligent, and advancing than his superior, whose full name is Somdetch Phra Paramendr Maha Mongkut.

Probably the prime minister deserves more credit than either monarch. Phra Kalahom, a most distinguished member of the most distinguished family in Siam, actually enthroned the present sovereign, instead of the last king's son, to whom the crown belonged. In every sense a patriot, he understands the true destiny of his country, and shrinks at no popular outcry, no interested opposition in promoting it. Careless about wealth, his liberality of expenditure is remarkable. Familiar with the best views of political economy, he is anxious to reduce them to practice. Conscious of the enormous abuses choking all the channels of industry, he is determined that they shall not remain as an incubus any more.

The commerce of the country has always been eaten up by monopoly. As formerly in France, every article of import or export has been farmed out; so that trade languished, in order that some noble might fatten himself upon its vitals. The English ambassador appears to deserve the credit of giving a staggering blow to this antiquated and ruinous system. It was not hard for one, whose life since his poetical days has been devoted to such subjects, to show that the system which sold out a nation's traffic to individuals interested only in present emolument necessarily prostrated trade, paralyzed manufactures, and choked up commerce;—moreover, that the legitimate income of the sovereign would be far greater from a flourishing than a palsied community, that the period of change with its attendant financial embarrassment would be exceedingly brief, and that the world at large, as well as oppressed Siam, required that this stifling system should be abandoned; besides, that all such fertile countries as theirs had many superfluities which they could profitably export, that commerce was a great civilizer, pacificator, and uniter of

nations, and that questions which the warrior could only settle by violence and outrage, the commercial negotiator could settle in amity and good-will. The Siamese reply was, "What you say is true: the shopkeepers complain they cannot sell, the peasants complain they cannot produce; we have only a few, instead of many ships in the river, as in former times; and matters grow worse instead of better." A sufficient proof of the national poverty is not merely the universal destitution of what we esteem the necessities of life, the utter nakedness even of the royal children, the absence of every comfort from the peasant's huts, but the use of so small a coin as the cowry, only the two hundredth part of a cent, as the common currency; while the fact that rice is produced as low as a dollar for four hundred-weight shows that nothing but the most ingenious obstructions have prevented commerce from flowing freely over the untilled soil, as blessed by God as it has been cursed by man.

The most offensive thing in this isolated land, to a stranger's eye, is a system of reverence which proves the infantine condition of those who receive, as well as those who offer, such disgusting servility, far surpassing any other Oriental obeisance of which the books make mention. No man of inferior rank dares raise his head to the level of his superior,—no mean person can walk across a floor above the heads of his betters,—a servant bearing refreshments is obliged to push the waiter upon the floor, creeping after it as well as he can upon his stomach; while the natives were in extreme distress aboard her Majesty's ship, because some idols lay in the cabin while the sailors trod over them upon the deck above. The monarch is never approached except in the most abject manner, even by the mightiest noble; and the honors paid to father and mother are the greatest excess of reverence. The English embassy, like every preceding one, was obliged to waste a great deal of time, and endure unspeakable annoyance, in ceremonies which were as ridiculous as they were wearisome, and which sufficiently proved that this independent despot had to bow his head to a mightier power than himself, the immemorial traditions of an unchangeable public opinion.

Slavery might be expected to flourish in such a servile com-

munity, and nowhere is it more deeply rooted, though far from severe in its exactions. Where there is no respect to the rights of man as man, the prospect of emancipation, even where the oppressed is of the same color and race as his oppressor, is not very hopeful. The chief part of the enslaved are debtors, — the failure to pay at the stipulated time giving the creditor control over the body of the indebted, which he can use either to pay the interest or the principal of his claim. Captives made in war are slaves, of course. Parents can sell their offspring, and husbands their wives; besides these classes, slaves are made by birth, from gratitude, in fear of famine, and through purchase. Bowring thought them better treated as a class than the servants in England, — as, if emancipated, they are said to sell themselves frequently into service again; and for ill-treatment have always the remedy of paying up the amount which may be due upon the original debt. The severest punishment ever inflicted is handing over the offender to the government, when he becomes a convict and is lost to his master for ever. In small families they are treated as children, consulted about affairs, and made to regard their master's interest as identical with their own. Their principal suffering is from insufficient food, and their appetites are said to be enormous. Where the family is poor, they will sometimes beg or steal to supply its necessities.

The medical system of Siam is only too abundant testimony to the doting ignorance prevalent among all classes. European practice, so eagerly sought in many other Asiatic countries, is as resolutely shunned among the Siamese. Two schools, an Indian and a Chinese, contend for the mastery; either of them absurd enough, as this popular prescription for fever would show: "One portion of rhinoceros horn, one of elephant's tusk, one of tiger's and crocodile's teeth; one portion composed of three parts of vulture, raven, and goose bones; these ingredients to be mixed together on a stone with water; one half to be swallowed, the rest to be rubbed into the body; after which the fever will depart." A curious mode of shampooing prevails; the doctor standing upon his patient's knees and rubbing them with his feet. In criminal cases the real culprit is said to be detected, when other means have

failed, by the peculiar readiness with which he yields to the operation of an emetic. Though the missionaries have suffered very severely by disease, Dr. Bowring, whose long residence as English Governor at Hong Kong entitles his opinion to peculiar weight, pronounces the climate as healthy as any other part of Asia.

The religion of the country is its least hopeful and most unchangeable characteristic. Buddhism, nearly universal, is so engrained into this traditional mind, that, though the missionaries have had, and still have, every possible facility, though there has never been any persecution, but rather court patronage, though the printing-press has been at work, and the public ear open to appeal, yet the Romish Church, after two centuries' labor, has not five thousand converts; while the American missionaries, who at first rejoiced over the country as Immanuel's land, now report that "the Siamese have entirely refused the Gospel." Dr. Bowring, who befriended the missionaries in every way, and obtained for them many valuable privileges, mourns over their miserable failure; fifteen years of effort having created no Siamese Protestant Church, and brought forward hardly any reliable Siamese convert. Such devoted, fervent, systematic, self-sacrificing effort could hardly have been made among any of our heathen at home, and not yielded many hundred-fold; but then it would not have been invested with the romance, and would not have brought the immediate fame, of this abortive aggression upon heathendom. The ruling monarch, though necessarily a Buddhist, almost patronizes the missionaries, often sends for them to the palace, has his wives instructed by their ladies, and encourages their schools for the young; and yet, though consistent lives and martyr deaths have borne abundant testimony to a religion which the Siamese themselves acknowledge to be superior to their own, the first-fruits of the long-deferred harvest do not yet appear. Should the missionary establishment at Bangkok be abandoned but for a few years, no memorial would remain of their labors but the graves of those that have fallen in this "forlorn hope." Bowring compares the effort to that of going into a full-grown forest, and commanding the trees to vary their forms. Some of the replies to missionary appeals, in the dis-

cussions of which the Siamese are so fond, show no little wit. "If miracles were worked to convert your fathers, why don't you work them to convert us? You say, God will be angry with those who do not listen to you: is he a good God if he is angry? You say, God is very mighty and benevolent; how then can he punish sinners eternally in hell? You say your books are true, and we say our books are true: why don't you believe us, if you want us to believe you?" And on one occasion a priest uttered this as a poser: "Do you hope to beat down our high mountain with your small tools?"

Dr. Bowring's account of Buddhism, nowhere more perfectly enthroned than in Siam, but having millions more of votaries throughout Eastern Asia, we will endeavor to give in the fewest words, as the latest and least prejudiced statement of a still vigorous superstition. He believes the religion to be the remains of a true philosophy, corrupted by the craft of priests and the ambition of princes, so as to overawe and debase the subjects of their control. "The great First Cause, least understood," is with them an Almighty repose, whose work at almost as distant a period as eternity was the universe, the machinery of which was so perfect as to revolve almost without need of change or disturbance from the motions of the spheres. Yet, during these millions of ages repeated incarnations of this lethargic Deity have taken place; the last of which, Gaudama, the present object of Siamese worship, Bowring believes to have been a sovereign of the country thousands of years ago, whose excellent life, exaggerated by Oriental imagination, and embellished with endless fable, has become the groundwork of popular deification. He questions if the faith can be called atheistic, though its essential Deity is this cold abstraction, into which the whole human race will ultimately be absorbed, with the destruction of its individuality. Neither is it acknowledged to be idolatrous, because no Buddhist believes the image he worships to be the actual God, or anything more than an outward representation of one of those manifestations by which, at vast intervals of time, Deity has seen fit to make himself known. They express the immense period which precedes the creation of a Buddha by a figure, not destitute of beauty or impressiveness, of an enor-

mous granite rock visited once in a hundred thousand years by an angel, who should barely touch the rock as he passed with his gossamer robe ; until, by successive visits at vast intervals of time, the whole stone should be reduced to a grain of sand, when the period for training a Buddha would still be incomplete. Gaudama, who had previously lived in four hundred millions of worlds, like each of his predecessors, is a purely contemplative being, absorbed in repose, indifferent alike to the good and the evil, finding his bliss in that infinite rest to which he would at last bring all his votaries. And, as to this Nishvan or Nirvani, the final state of man, it is simply the idea of entire abstraction from all worldly cares, carried to a monstrous excess. Instead of our Christian hopes of ever-increasing blessedness, the leading ideas are eternal peace, perfect repose, and sometimes actual insensibility. A vague dream hovers over the Buddhist future, an utter ignorance of all we know, do, are, save that everlasting repose is the consummation of previous discipline and earthly trial, absolute absorption in Deity the ultimate perfection of the most advanced humanity. The priests of Buddhism are exceedingly numerous, five hundred men with a thousand boys being attached to a single temple. In Bangkok, the capital, these licensed beggars are numbered by thousands ; and the shrines, at which they minister all days of the week alike, are exceedingly costly, extensive, and gorgeous,—with abundance of grotesque figures on the outside, and a huge gilded image, sometimes recumbent, of the object of worship within.

Perhaps it is, as Malcom remarks in his *Asiatic Travels*, “the best form of religion invented by man.” It is certainly the most wide-spread. Though never propagated by the sword, though carried abroad only by the persuasion of persevering devotees, half of China, Cochin China, and Ceylon, all of Siam, Burmah, Tartary, Loo-Choo, and much of Japan, not to name the islands of the southern seas, treasure this as their highest truth, and trust in it as their final salvation. Its forms vary very widely in different countries, but its spirit is ever the same : the names Fo in China, Lama in Thibet, Gaudama in Siam, change in each community, but the idea remains unchangeable.

The substantial objection to Buddhism seems to be its unmitigated, immitigable, all-pervading selfishness, its absorption in fruitless reverie, its aspiration after nothing but individual repose. The best precepts of the Bible are contained in the Badagat; there are no sanguinary rites, no self-inflicted tortures, no priestly tyranny, no impure practices. But the Bonze, with his boundless influence, attempts to render no service to humanity, — the superstitious reverence yielded to his person is never relied on, in any rebuke of open sin, — the daily demand which he makes for a charity never denied, prompts him to no generous charities to others. A more useless body of men can hardly be imagined. Performing no labor, paying no tax, rendering no service to the state, their privations are few, their privileges unprecedented. Once only in every year they retire to the wilderness for twenty-one nights of prayer, the wild beasts respecting their solitude, and, as their devotees believe, even licking their hands and feet. In society they are generally taciturn, haughty, and absorbed in contemplation. The people themselves have very little motive to sympathy with one another; calamity is regarded as the consequence of sin in some former state of existence, and therefore to be endured as necessary discipline lest greater suffering should come in its room, and misery, perhaps, upon him whose charitable aid is only fighting against sacred Nemesis.

The system of merit, which vitiates Paganism everywhere, in Buddhism sets off a positive sin by the offer of a bouquet to an idol, and compensates for crime by gilding a pagoda; while even impunity for time to come, and deliverance from future woe, are obtained by ceremonial zeal, and increased servility in the temple service. The present king of Siam has rendered the questionable service of purifying Buddhism from many an absurd tradition, reconciling it as far as he can with modern philosophy, and restoring the pure Pali text to their sacred books. Klaproth, a German Professor of Oriental Languages, says, "Next to Christianity, no religion has contributed more to ennoble the human race than Buddhism"; while its vast extent, continued prosperity through so many ages, and the wonderful tenacity of its myriad votaries, show that the

system has a perfect adaptation to the Asiatic mind in its present state, to its reverence for tradition, its passion for repose, its tendency to reverie, its dread of effort of every kind ; and that, until that mind shall be generally aroused, it is idle to hope to tear away this flattering dream from lives which float away rejoicing in its golden cloud.

ART. VII.—CONDITION OF THE FREE COLORED PEOPLE
OF THE UNITED STATES.

1. *United States Census for 1850.*
2. *A Report of the Decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, and the Opinions of the Judges thereof, in the Case of Dred Scott versus John F. A. Sandford.* 1857.
3. *A Treatise on the Intellectual Character, and Civil and Political Condition of the Colored People of the United States ; and the Prejudice towards them.* By REV. H. EASTON, a Colored Man. 1837.
4. *Services of Colored Americans in the Wars of 1776 and 1812.* By WILLIAM C. NELL. 1856.
5. *Address to the Constitutional Convention of Ohio, from the State Convention of Colored Men, held in the City of Columbus, January, 1851.*
6. *Triumph of Equal School Rights in Boston.* 1856.

THE Free Colored People of the United States occupy an unfortunate and exceptional position. They stand among us, yet not of us. We know less of them than we know of the people of France and Italy. Born in the midst of us, as their fathers and grandfathers were before them, we yet talk occasionally about sending them back to "their native land,"—meaning Africa.* Allowing them freedom, we deny them equality. In most of the

* See, for an instance in high places of this silly habit, one of the messages of Governor Hunt, of New York, recommending an emigration of the free colored people of New York to "their native soil" of Africa. General Jackson's father was an Irishman, but what would he have said, if you had proposed sending him back "to his native soil"? It seems time for this absurdity to drop out of the messages of Governors, if it must still linger in the speeches of demagogues and the columns of second-rate newspapers.

Free States they are not allowed to vote, nor admitted into the public schools,* are driven from places of public amusement and from the public conveyances, and are not permitted by social sentiment to engage in more than ten or twelve out of the three hundred and more occupations set down in the census for the white male population. Though citizens in some of the Free States, they are yet prohibited by the laws, or by the Constitutions, of other Free States from entering their borders, — and this in direct violation of the United States Constitution. In the Slave States they fare yet worse, as we shall see further on in this article. The Supreme Court decides that they are not citizens of the United States; inferior courts decide, like Judge Sharkey, of Mississippi, that a white husband and father, cannot emancipate his wife and son, even by taking them to a Free State to do so. Southern legislatures and governors propose to sell the whole body of free colored people into slavery, and put the proceeds into the State treasury.† In Maryland a free colored minister of the Methodist Church was lately sent to the penitentiary for having in his possession a copy of Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom."‡ In Mississippi, John Dubarry, a free colored man, was sent to the penitentiary for reading and circulating the speeches of Senators Seward and Sumner. In Washington city a free colored man has just been sent to prison for allowing his own son, a slave, to pass a night in his house, and for giving him food and clothing. Thus, both at the North and at the South, the

* A young man of color lately applied for admission to Union College. The President left it to the class. They voted by a majority of ten to admit him, but only by his testifying under oath, that he was of French and Indian extraction, and had no African blood in his veins. "A Junior" in the College writes to the papers, indignantly denying that the class was willing to admit a colored man.

† This has been recommended by Southern governors and Southern legislatures. The alternative of emigration is usually to be offered them.

‡ Samuel Greene, a regular licensed exhorter of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Dorchester County, Maryland, sentenced to the Maryland Penitentiary for ten years, by the Dorchester County Court. He is still in the Penitentiary, if not pardoned out very recently, serving out his time. His offence was having in his house a single copy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The pastor of the church to which he belonged told Rev. Mr. McCarter, of Harrisburg, Penn., that Mr. Greene was exceedingly useful among the colored people, and often preached to them the word of life.

free colored people are regarded as pariahs, if not as outlaws.* Belonging to a race whom we persist in holding as slaves, we dislike them because we are unjust to them, thus illustrating anew the famous maxim of the profound Roman historian. The defenders of slavery try to excuse their own practices by disparaging the character of colored people.

It is curious to see the variety of their methods and the unity of their aim. If they are religious people, they sanctimoniously declare that the colored people are cursed by God, and doomed by him to be a degraded class, because Noah in a drunken fit cursed Canaan.† If they are scientific people, they learnedly show that the brain of the negro differences him essentially from the white man, so that he is not fit for freedom, and never will be.‡ If they are freshly imported Irish patriots, who have bawled themselves hoarse for liberty at home, they instantly express their contempt for the colored man's rights, and their desire for an Alabama plantation stocked with fat negroes.§ If they are those Southerners who talk about *chivalry*, they show their conception of its meaning by hastening to trample on the defenceless and forlorn. Or if Northerners who prate of *Democracy*,|| they understand it to be hatred of

* Dr. J. S. Rock, a free man of color, a gentleman of cultivation and worth, was refused a passport from the United States by General Cass, and took one from the State of Massachusetts, of which he is a citizen. With this passport he entered France, and under its protection went safely to Paris, and remained there. It is a comfort to know that Massachusetts can protect her citizens abroad, when the United States government has the inexpressible meanness to refuse to do it.

† See Rev. Nehemiah Adams, President Lord, Bishop Hopkins, &c.

‡ See Nott and Glidden, "Types of Mankind," &c.

§ John Mitchell, the author of this *naïve* sentiment, has lately threatened to come North and turn Abolitionist, if the slaveholders do not go in for the slave-trade. It will be a small but valuable compensation to us for the opening of that traffic, if it saves us from this infliction. He would be a convert of the sort of which Dean Swift said, (when a bad Catholic turned Protestant,) "When the Pope weeds his garden, I will thank him not to throw his weeds on our side the fence."

|| With some honorable exceptions. For example, Mr. Bancroft, in his seventh volume, speaking of the heroes who fought at Bunker Hill, says: "Nor should history forget to record that, as in the army at Cambridge, so also in this gallant band, the free negroes of the Colony had their representatives. For the right of free negroes to bear arms in the public defence was, at that day, as little disputed in New England as their *other rights*. They took their place, not in separate corps, but in the ranks with the white man, and their names may be read on the pension rolls of the country side by side with those of other soldiers of the Revolution."

the colored man, and a denial of his equality with themselves before the law. If they are judges, they promulgate judicially, that when our fathers said it was a self-evident truth that all men were born equal, they meant to say the precise reverse; and that when they contended for the rights of men, they meant that the negro "had no rights which white men were bound to respect"! * If they are politicians, they try to make themselves popular at the South and the North by attacking the unpopular and defenceless colored man.† If they are respectable and conservative citizens, who desire present peace for themselves by smothering volcanoes, they say, "The colored people have an insurmountable prejudice against them here: send them to Liberia." Nearly all classes of persons, therefore, unite in trampling on the colored man, and if it ever happens that the sense of justice and indignation at oppression and wrong leads a man to say a word in defence of this unfortunate people, he is immediately accused of loving negroes more than white men.

We are not conscious of any such preference as this. Our habits and tastes would probably lead us, like others, to prefer the white race to the negro. But as Christian Examiners, believing that we should love our neighbor as ourselves, and that our neighbor is the man who has fallen among thieves and been stripped and wounded, it seems only the right thing to try to do what justice we can to an unfortunate and slandered people. We propose, therefore, in the present article, to state

* Howard's Reports, 1856, p. 407. Opinion of the Court, *Dred Scott v. Sandford*. The Chief Justice says that this opinion "was at that time fixed and universal in the civilized portion of the white race. It was regarded as an axiom in morals as well as in politics, which no one thought of disputing, or supposed to be open to dispute." This "at the time of the Declaration of Independence," the first draft of which by Jefferson said that the king of England "had waged civil war against human nature itself, violating *its most sacred rights* of life and liberty in the persons of a distant people, who never offended him," &c. Mr. Chief Justice Taney may ignore the opinions of Wilberforce, Clarkson, Sharp, and Mr. Pitt, but one would think he might remember the views of Jefferson, Franklin, and Washington.

† See, for instance, a speech by Mr. O'Connor, October 1, 1857, before the Supreme Court of New York, in which he asserts that "no single negro has ever risen above mediocrity," and that "no single member of the race has ever attained proficiency in any art or science requiring the employment of high intellectual capacity." He also thinks that Judge Taney concedes too much in calling them "unfortunate." Mr. O'Connor has never heard of Toussaint L'Ouverture.

facts concerning the free colored people of the United States which will be new to some of our readers. Let us see what this degraded, worthless, and inferior people, as they are universally believed to be, — this oppressed and ill-treated people, as they certainly are, — let us see what they have been able to do for themselves, and what progress they are making. Our facts will be taken partly from published authentic documents, and partly from personal observation.

Nothing is more common than to hear it said, in general and sweeping terms, that the free colored people of the country are in a miserably degraded condition, — that they are much worse off in regard to the comforts of life than even the slaves, — that they are constantly exposed to hunger and cold, — that they are lazy, have no tendency to improve, no energy, honesty, industry. Such assertions are indeed the staple of pro-slavery speeches, and have passed almost uncontradicted. They are made quite as commonly at the North as at the South. Senator Brown of Mississippi only went a little way beyond the common opinion, when he lately remarked that “the *slave* is blest with sound health, a sleek skin, and Christian instruction. The *free* African is dwarfed by disease, scrofulous from hunger, and is a barbarian and a cannibal.”

It is a little remarkable, surely, if the free colored people are in such a state of destitution, that they should so seldom appear as paupers in our poor-houses, or as beggars in our streets. By the census of 1850 there were over 9,000 colored people in Massachusetts, and only 89 of these were paupers in the poor-houses; that is, less than one in a hundred. Meantime there were in the same poor-houses 803 paupers born in Ireland, out of a population in Massachusetts of 115,000, or about one to a hundred and thirty-one. But what an advantage has the Irishman over the colored man in Massachusetts! All trades are open to him, while prejudice prevents the colored man from finding employment in the majority of them.

But out of these 9,000 free colored people in Massachusetts 1,439 were returned as attending school in 1850, which is one in 6 or 7. In New York there were 5,447 out of a free colored

population of about 50,000, or about one in 10 ; in Connecticut 1,264 out of a population of less than 8,000, or about one in 7 ; which is nearly the same proportion as were attending school in Alabama and Georgia from the whole white population. Just about the same ratio exists also for the white population in South Carolina and Virginia. From this we may infer, with certainty, that the colored people of Massachusetts, New York, and Connecticut are not in a state of extreme destitution, for such persons cannot send their children even to free schools.

In Boston, and in other cities, it is quite unusual to see a colored beggar, for, in general, the colored people take care of their own poor. The Minister at Large in St. Louis declared, after the two years of his service, that no colored person had in that time applied to him for aid. In Cincinnati we have been told the same thing. Out of a free colored population of 3,500, it was rare to see a colored beggar, though Irish and German are common.

In 1852 a friend, for whose authority we vouch in full, made some investigations concerning the condition of the free colored people in Cincinnati. Their number then was, as we have said, about 3,500. The census had just been taken of their taxable property in real estate, and though not all taken, it amounted to more than 500,000 dollars. Out of 3,500 persons, there were 200 property-holders who paid taxes on this real estate. Four hundred and fifty of their children were in the public schools, and fifty more of them at higher schools in Oberlin and Albany. They supported six colored churches, three of which were Methodist and three Baptist. He asked how many of the colored people attended church ; and they told him that "all attended church, river hands and all." These six churches had over 1,200 members. They had also lately contributed between 2,000 and 3,000 dollars to endow a colored orphan asylum.

The occupations of the colored people of Cincinnati, three fourths of whom had been slaves, were as follows.

One was a bedstead-maker, Henry Boyd, a mulatto, who employed many white hands. His own return of taxable property was 26,000 dollars. His bedsteads are sold through Ohio, Kentucky, and Indiana.

One was a master-carpenter, John Woodson, who employed eight or ten hands.

Four or five were grocers. One of them, named Wilcox, was taxed on \$ 59,000. He began life as cabin-boy on a steamboat, then became steward, when he had opportunities to make money by trading between New Orleans and Cincinnati. He said: "I might have bought a farm and lived on my money, but I wished to show, if I could, that colored people could do something beside being barbers. Many advised me not to try, and said nobody would buy groceries of a colored man. I said I would try the experiment. I built this house and store, fitted up the cellar for milk and butter, and have a manufactory of pickles. This morning I received five letters on business from the South. In those boxes there is a thousand dollars' worth of goods just packed for Terre Haute. I have taken stock in banks, so that there may be *one* colored man there to vote. I own a thousand dollars in the Kentucky Trust Company, and am often invited over to meet the Directors."

There were also in Cincinnati three blacksmiths, four shoemakers, one tailor, sixteen or eighteen hucksters (one of them, Phillips, worth \$ 20,000), three cabinet-makers, two boat-stores (the proprietor of one, Mr. Gaines, quite wealthy) and five drinking-shops kept by colored men, one hotel-keeper (who kept the Dumas Hotel), three daguerreotypists (one the best in the city), five or six master-painters, one artist, two plasterers, fifty to a hundred tobacconists' journeymen, twenty draymen, twenty dress-makers and shirt-makers, fifty or sixty seamstresses, four school-teachers, one physician ("and he a quack," added our informant), two druggists, three master-coopers, one large coal and wood yard kept by a colored man, one master brick-mason, one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy-five barbers, five or six clergymen, five keepers of boarding-houses, two keepers of billiard-tables, two makers of blacking, some hundreds of boatmen on the river, four lime-burners, six colored men on the Board of Education for Colored Schools, and six runners in banks.

Our informant spent an evening at the house of one of these colored men, by name William W. Watson, who was

a slave in Kentucky till 1831, and was sold on the auction-block in that year. He was bought by his wife's brother, a barber in Cincinnati, who raised the money by getting two merchants to indorse his note, on which he borrowed \$750 at two per cent a month. In a year after getting into business, Watson paid for his brother this note, with the interest. Since then, he had bought from slavery his mother, brothers, and sisters (his wife being already free); he had contributed largely to build a church, he always helped fugitives, and was worth (we were told by others) some \$30,000.

Of 7,693 free colored persons in Connecticut in 1850, the largest number, 1,108, were laborers, 316 were mariners, 146 were farmers, 108 servants, 41 shoemakers, 39 barbers, 34 cooks, 12 blacksmiths, and 9 tailors.

In Louisiana, especially in New Orleans, the free colored people are in a better condition than in the extreme Northern States. This is shown by the census, and has been confirmed to us by the colored people themselves. More pursuits are open to them there, and there is less competition from the whites, than among us. Wilcox (in Cincinnati) said that he knew three or four colored cotton-brokers in New Orleans. The census gives nine colored brokers. One of them is the largest broker in New Orleans.* The French and

* The following paragraph lately appeared in the *Plaquemine* (Louisiana) *Sentinel*:—

“A WEALTHY NEGRO FAMILY.—An immense estate in Louisiana, embracing over four thousand acres of land, with two hundred and fifty negroes belonging to the plantation, was recently sold for a quarter of a million of dollars. The purchaser was a free negro, who is said to be one of the wealthiest men of the South.”

“The above is from a New York paper, and refers to the Harrison property, which was purchased by Cyprian Ricaud, a free man of color of our parish. If the property had contained as many acres as stated above, and as many slaves, it would have brought nearer a million and a quarter than a quarter of a million. On the contrary, the land, we believe, comprised some sixteen hundred acres, and there were about one hundred slaves of all sizes. It lies in the rear of Madame C. Ricaud's plantation; and the two plantations, now owned by that family, probably do comprise the number of acres of land and slaves as above stated, making them, doubtless, the richest black family in this or any other country.”

See, also, concerning the free colored planters on Cane River (where they own plantations and negroes for fifteen miles on the bank), Olmsted's “*Seaboard Slave States*,” page 633. Suits to recover freedom in Louisiana are frequent, and are often successful.

Spaniards have less prejudice against color than the Americans. 4 are put down in the census, in New Orleans, as capitalists, 4 as doctors, 4 as engineers, 61 as clerks, 77 as merchants, 244 as planters in Louisiana, 7 as students, and 15 as teachers.

In Philadelphia, by some statistics which were published a few years since, there were 4,019 families of colored people, of whom 241 were living in their own houses. Of these there were about 5,000 able-bodied men over 21, — of whom 1,581 were laborers, 256 mechanics, 240 mariners, 166 shop-keepers, 276 coachmen and carters, 557 waiters, 156 hair-dressers.

The free blacks of Philadelphia owned, by census, \$ 800,000 of property, divided among 19,000 persons.

In the city of New York the colored people have invested in business carried on by themselves the sum of \$755,000, in Brooklyn \$76,000, and in Williamsburg \$5,000; and they own beside, in real estate unencumbered, in New York \$733,000, in Brooklyn \$276,000, and in Williamsburg, \$151,000; making in all, about \$2,000,000. Twenty years ago, when this population was three fourths of what it is now, its property was less than half what it is now. The only colored beggars seen in New York are those who ask for money to help them buy their wives, their sons, or their daughters.

We shall not go at length into the condition of the colored people in Boston or New England, but beg our readers to examine for themselves, and see if their condition is as miserable and degraded as is usually taken for granted. Go into their churches, and see if you will anywhere see more respectable and orderly congregations. Go into the schools, and see if the colored children who sit by the side of the white children are any less intelligent, well-behaved, or neat in person and attire, than their neighbors. When, in the cars or omnibus, you are near a colored man or woman, or sit with them in the saloon of a Sound steamer, see if they do not appear as well as the average of their white neighbors. And then remember that, a very few years since, no colored child could attend school with the white children, no colored man or woman travel in the cars or on the steamers with the whites, — and you will feel that a people must be improving who are able to break

down such barriers of social prejudice as these. And then visit them in their homes, and having witnessed their comforts and conveniences, we do not think you will find it necessary to ask them if they would prefer to go and live in the slave cabins of Mississippi. The colored people of Boston are accumulating property, and many of them already pay large taxes. They are seldom seen in the almshouses, for they have many benevolent societies, — some of them on the mutual principle, — and in case of need are ready to help each other.

We ought not entirely to omit the colored mariners of the United States in this sketch, however brief it may be. It ought not be forgotten, that to defend the rights of colored mariners of the United States, impressed among others on board a British ship, we made war with England in 1812. In those days, men of color were still citizens, even to Mr. Madison and his Secretaries. By a careful investigation of this subject, made some years ago,* it appeared that there were then

Colored men in the merchant service,	6,000
“ “ “ naval “	1,400
“ “ “ whaling “	2,900
“ “ “ internal navigation,	5,000
						<hr/> 15,300

Of those in the merchant service there sail from the principal ports of the United States as follows:—

Colored seamen sailing from port of New York,	.	.	.	2,200
“ “ “ “ Boston,	.	.	.	1,000
“ “ “ “ Baltimore,	.	.	.	600
“ “ “ “ Philadelphia,	.	.	.	500
“ “ “ “ all other ports,	.	.	.	1,700
				<hr/> 6,000

The estimated number of mariners in the United States, according to Captain Thomas B. Sullivan, (exclusive of the internal navigation,) is 150,000, including the naval and mer-

* Published in a series of letters in the Antislavery Standard, New York.

chant service, the whale, cod, and mackerel fisheries. Of this number 25,000, or 16² per cent, are Americans, the rest being foreigners. Perhaps one half of the native *American* seamen are colored men.

A law was passed by Congress in 1843 to exclude colored seamen from the naval service, but no regard has ever been paid to it. Indeed, since the passage of this law, the Secretary of the Navy, in fitting ships for the African station, has issued a special order to ship a larger proportion of colored men than usual, — the usual rule being to have one colored to twenty white seamen.

The treatment of the free colored people *in the Slave States* is far more oppressive than in the Free. There, they are not only disliked, but also feared. Yet, though the laws against them are more severe than at the North, their opportunities for prospering are greater. In both respects their condition in the Slave States is analogous to that of the Jews in Mediæval Europe. Hated and trampled on, they were still needed; they were an essential element in the business of society, and therefore they prospered.

The tyranny exercised over the free colored people in the Slave States may be illustrated by a few facts.

1. Every colored man, living in a Slave State, is by law presumed to be a slave. Thus the law of South Carolina of 1740, providing the way by which persons held as slaves and claiming to be free shall bring suit for freedom, says: "Provided, that in any action or suit, &c., the burden of proof shall lay upon the plaintiff, and it shall always be presumed that every negro, Indian, mulatto, and mestizos is a slave, unless the contrary be made to appear." The law of Georgia, 1770, is a copy of this. And in both acts it is added, that, if the plaintiff does not succeed in his suit, the court may *inflict on him any corporal punishment not extending to life or limb*.

This doctrine, says Strend, which presumes every colored man to be a slave, obtains in all the Slave States except North Carolina, where it is confined to negroes of whole blood, while with mulattoes, &c. the presumption is in favor of freedom.

2. Any colored person who cannot prove his freedom by documentary evidence is liable to be imprisoned, and sold as a slave to pay his jail fees.

Such is the law of nearly all of the Slave States.

3. In many Slave States it is contrary to law to teach a *free colored person* to read and write. In Virginia, according to the code of 1849, "every assemblage of negroes for the purpose of instruction in reading and writing shall be an unlawful assembly," and the punishment for being present at it is *stripes*. The punishment of the white person who teaches negroes is fine and imprisonment. Under this law, Mrs. Margaret Douglass was sentenced in 1854 by Judge Baker to pay one hundred dollars, and be imprisoned one month in the common jail of Norfolk.

South Carolina has a similar law, declaring any assembly of slaves, *free negroes*, or mulattoes, for *mental instruction*, an unlawful meeting. (Law of 1800.) So in Georgia. (Act of 1833.) So in Alabama. (Clay's Digest, act of 1832.)

4. In many Slave States the free colored person is obliged by law to submit, without resistance, to any amount of injury inflicted by a white man.

Thus a law of Louisiana declares that "free persons of color ought never to insult or to strike white people, nor presume to conceive themselves equal to the whites; but, on the contrary, they ought to yield to them on every occasion, and never speak to or answer them but with respect, under the penalty of imprisonment," &c.

In Maryland (Act of 1723) a justice of the peace may direct a free colored man's ears to be cropped for striking a white man. The white man may be a robber, a murderer, a man mad with drink, — he may be committing violent outrage on the colored man's wife or daughter, — but he must not strike him!

In Kentucky the law runs, that, "if any negro, mulatto, or Indian, bond or *free*, shall at any time lift his or *her* hand in opposition to any person not being a negro, mulatto, or Indian, he or she so offending shall receive thirty lashes on his or *her* bare back, well laid on."

In Washington City, says Mr. Olmsted, in April, 1855, twenty-four "genteel colored men" (so they were called) were found by a watchman privately assembling in the evening, and were lodged in a watch-house.

"The object of their meeting appears to have been purely benevolent, and when they were examined before a magistrate in the morning, no evidence was offered, nor does there seem to have been any suspicion, that they had any criminal purpose. On searching their persons, there were found a Bible ; a volume of *Seneca's Morals ; Life in Earnest ;* the printed Constitution of a Society, the object of which was said to be *to relieve the sick, and to bury the dead ;* and a subscription paper *to purchase the freedom of Eliza Howard,* a young woman whom her owner was willing to sell for \$ 650.

"I can think of nothing that would speak higher for the character of a body of poor men, servants and laborers, than to find by chance in their pockets just such things as these. And I cannot value that man as a countryman, who does not feel intense humiliation and indignation, when he learns that such men may not be allowed to meet privately together, with such laudable motives, in the capital city of the United States, without being subjected to disgraceful punishment. One of the prisoners, a slave named Joseph Jones, was ordered to be flogged ; four others, *called in the papers free men,* were sent to the workhouse, and the remainder, on paying costs of court, and fines, amounting in the aggregate to one hundred and eleven dollars, were permitted to range loose again."

The census of 1850 contains some tables designed to show that the proportion of colored convicts in the jails and penitentiaries of the Free States is very large, not only in proportion to the white convicts in the same States, but also to the number of colored convicts in the Slave States. We say *designed* to show this ; for the principle of tabulation indicates the purpose. The purpose is evidently to prove by statistics that freedom is unsuited to the colored race, and that they are much more virtuous in slavery. A similar thing was attempted in the census of 1840. It was then attempted to prove that freedom made the black man insane, blind, and deaf and dumb,—and the tables certainly showed this to be the case. But, on further examination, it appeared that these figures were consummate liars, and that, in many of the localities given, the insane colored people existed only in the figures of the census. It was the census that was insane, and not the colored people. Whether similar blunders, all on the side of slavery, may not have been committed in preparing the tables of 1850, we know not ; but we cannot rely fully on the fairness of statement in one like Mr. DeBow, whose principal

business in life, down to the time that he was appointed Superintendent of the Census in the place of Mr. Kennedy, was editing a magazine of the most pro-slavery proclivities, and which he still continues to edit. The *animus* of Mr. DeBow appears in the following sentence (Compend. of 7th Census, p. 86): "*Dwellings and families*. These are not ascertained on the slave schedules. The facts, if known, would compare favorably with those of other classes in most moderate circumstances, and especially with the free colored." "The facts, *if known*"! How Mr. DeBow can tell what facts *not known* would do if they were known, does not appear. All that does appear is this. If he can get any facts which can be made to look as if freedom was an injury and slavery a blessing to the colored man, he parades them in tables. If he cannot get any such facts, he says, "I have not got them; but if I had them, I know that they would show what a curse freedom is to a colored man."

Taking, however, these statistics as given by the census, what do they say, at the worst? Here are the free colored people in the Free States. Most of them were once slaves themselves, or the children of slaves. Educated by slavery, if they are vicious, is it slavery or freedom which is responsible for it? Taught by plantation life to lie for defence and to steal for enjoyment, what shall we expect of them when free? Exposed to the brutalities of overseers, confessedly a degraded class,—witnessing the fierce outbreaks of passion which have made the Slave States a "dark and bloody ground,"—shall we expect them to have learned patience and the milder virtues? Shut out from all higher enjoyments, deprived of education and of all refined pleasure, do we think that they should be peculiarly temperate and sober? And when they have come to the Free States, or when born in the Free States, what are their opportunities? Prejudice turns them out of the schools into which we invite the children of newly landed foreigners,—prejudice closes against them the occupations open to all others,—prejudice drives them from the public car, steamboat, omnibus. If the free colored man has a genius for invention, and makes a discovery which would enrich a white man, the law says, "You are

not a citizen, you cannot have a patent." A white shoemaker may become a United States Senator, a white blacksmith Governor of Massachusetts; but when Governor Bashford of Wisconsin issued a commission as Notary Public to H. Nolan, a colored man, the Secretary of State refused to file the paper, and wrote on it, "This appointment is in violation of the Constitution, and is therefore void." * Judge Bicknell of Indiana has decided that railroad companies may require colored passengers to produce evidence of their freedom. If the colored man wishes to buy a Western farm, the United States land offices give him no right to enter land, since he is not a citizen. Thus when Christ says, "The colored people are weak, bear their burdens," Judge Taney, by his Dred Scott decision, says, "They are weak, trample them down lower still." Under these circumstances, what degree of virtue may we fairly expect of them? Put on one side these poor refugees from slavery, uneducated, without money, without a trade, and refused admittance into any, with no hope of a career, conscious of living amid a dark cloud of prejudice. Put on the other side the white population, with its free schools, academies, and colleges, its churches, books, and lectures, its accumulated property, its career opened to all talents. What shall be the respective proportion in jails and penitentiaries from these two classes? Why, from the upper and middle classes of the whites we draw no recruits for the prison. They are almost all taken from the lower fourth.

According to the Compendium of the Census of 1850, the average in the penitentiaries of the Free States was 28 to 10,000 of the free colored persons. Meantime there were 6 or 7 white foreigners to every 10,000 white foreigners, and 2 native whites to 10,000. There were four times as many colored convicts as foreign white, and fourteen times as many as native whites.

But two or three things are to be noticed in this table. The average is 28 convicts to 10,000 colored persons. But in Pennsylvania, which contains 53,000 colored persons, the largest number of any Free State, the average is only 8 to

* Madison Democrat, July 16th, 1857.

10,000, — scarcely greater than the average of foreign convicts to the foreign population. The inference is, that, as the number of free colored persons increases, crime is diminished among them. But on the other hand, in Vermont, containing only 718 colored persons, there were none in the penitentiary. Yet both these facts are explained by a single consideration. The colored people are social and affectionate; they need sympathy and kindness; they thrive in the sunlight of goodwill; they wither in the cold region of neglect or dislike. Where they are numerous, they are kind to each other, and they do well. Where they are treated kindly by the whites, as in Vermont, where there is little prejudice against them, they also do well. There is no race who will repay with better fruits a little good-will than they.

That there should be few colored persons in the penitentiaries in the Slave States is not surprising. Every plantation is a penitentiary for its own slaves. It punishes them, however, not by five or ten years' imprisonment, but by fifty or a hundred lashes. This is much more economical, for they can thus be sent again to work immediately. Few planters would care to lose the service of a slave for five years, by letting him go to the penitentiary.

On the whole, then, we think we may say, that our colored population are remarkably free from crime, when we consider the disadvantages under which they labor. As long as only 28 in 10,000 commit offences making them liable to the state-prison, we can hardly say that they are vicious, degraded, and criminal as a body. As long as only 89 out of 9,000 were in all the poor-houses of Massachusetts in 1850, we cannot fairly call them a race of paupers. The facts, even when collected and arrayed by those least friendly to them, put down at once the popular sweeping charge of utter worthlessness. These facts show a people struggling against difficulties, and struggling well; contriving, somehow or other, to get a support, though ninety-five occupations out of a hundred are closed against them; making sure progress, sending their children to school, and gradually accumulating property and knowledge.

The colored people are to be educated and moved through their social and affectionate nature. Make of them pariahs

and outlaws, and you corrupt and degrade them ; show them sympathy and kindness, and they repay it a thousand-fold. In all those cities where they are the best treated, — in Cincinnati, and Cleveland, and Columbus, — they are the most prosperous. The feeling toward them in Cleveland, and throughout the Western Reserve, is very kind, and there they do better than in most other places. There you find them master carpenters, master painters, shop-keepers, and growing rich every year.

But what can the colored people of the Free States do to improve their condition? Some say, "They ought to go to Africa." But to this we see objections.

The following seem strong objections to the plan of colonization in Liberia, regarding it either as a plan for getting rid of slavery, or getting rid of the free colored people of the United States. Regarded merely as a missionary station, or a commercial station in Africa, it is unobjectionable. But regarded as a means of putting an end to Southern slavery, or as a means of removing the free colored people out of our way, it is liable to very grave objections. These are : —

1. *Impracticability.* We have in this country, by the last census, 3,198,324 slaves, and 428,637 free colored people. To transport this number to Africa would require a hundred millions of dollars, according to the calculations of the Colonization Society. But that is the least difficulty in the matter. How are the free colored people to be made willing to go? How are the masters of the slaves to be made willing to send them? Instead of sending their slaves to Africa, they now clamor for a revival of the slave-trade, to bring more slaves from Africa. If only the annual increase of the black population in the United States, which is about 100,000 a year, were sent to Africa, how would they be provided for after their arrival? The population of Liberia seems to be usually on the verge of starvation. In 1839, Dr. Bacon, of New Haven, testifies to this; in 1854, Augustus Washington, a missionary of the Colonization Society, testifies to the same thing. Ninety-five per cent, he says, of all who come here with nothing, endure suffering and death to an extent almost incredible.

2. Why should they be sent away? They are wanted here

as laborers ; they are not wanted there. Here, labor is in demand ; in Africa, it is in excess. The attraction of high wages has brought to this country within the last ten years a million and a half of laborers from Europe. How absurd to try to reverse this current, and to send so large a part of our laboring people to Africa.

3. As a missionary work, the plan of sending the colored people to Africa is simply absurd. If they are ignorant, vicious, idle, as you say they are, they ought to be scholars, not teachers. Keep them here in our midst, and let them be educated by the influences around them. Put their children into our schools and churches ; let them see and copy our habits of industry and economy, and let them also do something to Christianize us, by teaching us how to love our neighbor as ourselves.

The practical question for the people of the United States is this: Is it more practicable to remove 4,000,000 of colored people to Africa, or to remove the prejudice against them out of our hearts? Many people think the first the easiest, for prejudice to itself always seems something infinite and immortal. Most Americans, who have never met an intelligent colored person on terms of equality, would think it impossible to sit with them at the same table without very disagreeable sensations. But having done so once, they would think it strange that they ever thought it strange to do so.

It is not best for the colored people, we think, to spend much time in conventions, in passing resolutions, or in making speeches. They may resolve ever so often, that the prejudice against them is a wicked one, and may denounce, in ever so eloquent language, the inequalities of their condition. It will do no good. Conventions and resolutions do not make public opinion, they only concentrate and express it. The public opinion in behalf of the colored people is yet to be made. Every colored man who is industrious, virtuous, intelligent, and gentlemanly, helps to make it. Prejudice cannot be talked down, it must be lived down. To talk is easier than to work, but it accomplishes little.

Colored people ought to make money. A colored man who makes a thousand dollars, does more to put down preju-

dice, than if he made a thousand moderately good speeches against prejudice, or wrote a thousand pretty fair articles against it. No race in this country will be despised which makes money. If we had in Boston or New York ten orang-outangs worth a million dollars each, they would visit in the best society, we should leave our cards at their doors, and give them snug little dinner-parties. We long for the time when there shall be colored people rich as Cræsus in every part of this dear New England.

The colored people ought to diversify their occupations. They should not be satisfied with being only barbers, waiters, and sailors. Each one who has a special talent should cultivate it. Let him not try to be a lawyer, unless he can be a good one. Let him not write books, of which we have to say, "They are very good, *considering*." But if he can be *first-rate* in anything, so as to be the best dentist, or engineer, or artist, or engraver, or gunsmith, or oculist, or reporter, in the place, then those who wish to have their work well done *must* go to him, and no prejudice will prevent it.

The colored people should educate themselves and their children. They will find that nothing will be worth so much to them as education. In the Free States, the free schools and academies are open to them, and they can have equal advantages with the children of their most prosperous white neighbors. Let them make use of them.

Let them avoid vices of all sorts, and encourage each other to habits of virtue. In Cincinnati, at one time, all the free colored people belonged to the temperance society. Liquor is the great enemy of the race. It makes them mad. And a single crime committed by a colored man does more to increase the prejudice against the race, than all their friends can do to diminish it. When the next United States census appears, let the colored people see that it shall not find a larger proportion of them in the prisons and jails than there is of other races.

Finally, the colored people ought to have faith in God and man. They must not be discouraged because just now they labor under a heavy weight of prejudice. If they are true to themselves, they will surely overcome it. They may for a

time be excluded from theatres and lecture-rooms and operas ; they may be denied a passport when going abroad, or the protection of their government at home ; they may be refused the right of locating lands and receiving the appointment of notary public, or even, as lately, the right of testifying in the courts of justice of the United States. But no matter. They cannot be prevented from leading noble and useful lives, from informing their minds and improving their hearts ; and so they will be respected and happy when brawling demagogues and slimy statesmen are despised and forgotten.

The people of this country are, in the main, real democrats, not sham democrats. They really believe in an equality of rights before the law for all men. This talk about superior and inferior races will, by and by, disgust them. If they see that the colored people show the qualities of men, they will treat them as such.

ART. VIII. — WHAT MADE FRANKLIN ?

1. *Works of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. With Notes and a Life of the Author.* By JARED SPARKS. Boston. Vol. I. *Autobiography, &c.*
2. *Bonifacius. An Essay upon the Good that is to be Devised and Designed by those who Desire to Answer the Great End of Life, &c., &c., &c.* By COTTON MATHER. Boston: B. Green. 1710.
3. DEFOE, DANIEL. *Miscellaneous Works.* Oxford. 1840 - 41. 20 volumes.

It is not often that we get any distinct notion of the genealogy of a great Life. The writers of autobiographies are a little shy of telling us what it was which gave their real bent to character or destiny ; and, indeed, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, they do not know.

All the more curious is it, when they do tell us their own notion regarding the birth of their own fame. Not that it is ever possible to make much practical use of the information, but that it suggests some lessons on what constitutes greatness in the world, and what littleness. These lessons are en-

couraging or discouraging, as the observer's ambition looks one way or another. For, to those men whose passion is to see the world helped nearer God, it must be encouraging to see that it goes steadily on, under faithful impulses, although their author's names are for ever lost. To those other people who are at work only for the satisfaction of seeing their names in the Biographical Dictionary, or carved on the corner-stone of a pyramid, or preserved in any of the other penny-papers of the world, it is undoubtedly discouraging to see that the man who gives the original impulse to a great mind is so often forgotten in the midst of the fireworks which proclaim his apotheosis.

The three books whose titles we have placed at the head of this article have suggested to us these reflections. A good deal has been done lately to renew the vital and deep-seated interest which, for a hundred years, this country has taken in Benjamin Franklin. His sepulchre has been refreshed, white-washed, and repaired in Philadelphia, the city where he spent his life, and a noble statue has been erected to his memory in Boston, the city where he was born. Old portraits of him have been drawn from oblivion, and new ones are published daily, of every rank, from the noble print of Ary Scheffer down to the postage-stamp which commemorates daily the founder of the American post-office.

This fame was fairly earned, and will long continue. Our business at the present moment, however, is not to analyze it or extend it; but to go a generation back of its beginning, and inquire as to the genealogy from which this energetic, clear-sighted, sincere, practical mind, now world-renowned, was born.

It happens that Franklin himself has left a distinct record of his own notion on this subject. "There was also," he says, "a book of De Foe's, called '*An Essay on Projects*,' and another of Dr. Mather's, called '*An Essay to do Good*,' which perhaps gave me a turn of thinking, which had an influence on some of the principal future events of my life." In relation to the second of these books he makes a statement even stronger. In writing to the son of Cotton Mather, he says: "Permit me to mention one little instance, which,

though it relates to myself, will not be quite uninteresting to you. When I was a boy, I met with a book, entitled, 'Essays to do Good,' which, I think, was written by your father. It had been so little regarded by its former possessor that several leaves of it were torn out; but the remainder gave me such a turn of thinking as to have an influence on my character through life, for I have always set a greater value on the character of a *doer of good* than any other kind of reputation; and if I have been, as you seem to think, a useful citizen, the public owes the advantage of it to that book."

Now Franklin could compliment like any Frenchman when he chose, but he did not tell lies in his compliments. And when he says, therefore, in his old age, that the public owes the advantage of his usefulness as a citizen to Cotton Mather's "Essays to do Good," he not only says more than anybody else ever said of a book of Cotton Mather's, but he says more, perhaps, than has ever been said of any uninspired volume. In the other passage, which is taken from his Autobiography, he suggests a bit of what we may call the science of mental genealogy worth remembering in after studies of his career. No one else, perhaps, would have dared to say that Benjamin Franklin, the Pennsylvanian, was a cross between Daniel Defoe, the English Whig, and Cotton Mather, the New England Rabbi. But after Franklin has said it himself, the fact may be taken as one of curiosity and value in studies of his character and career.

Our attention having been called to this genealogical fact by Mr. Everett's eloquent address at the dedication of the Boston Library, we were tempted to follow out its interesting hint by some study of the book to which the world owes all Franklin's usefulness, and of the other book which shared with it the honor of giving him a turn for thinking. But fame is a strange thing. You look for the father and mother of Burns, and if you find them at all, you find them in a hovel. We inquired at the royal Astor Library, which compasses sea and land in its collections, backed by the munificence of more than princely liberality; but the Astor knew of neither Defoe's "Essay on Projects," nor Cotton Mather's "Essay to

do Good." It had not found them in all its journeyings, nor had the New York Historical Society, nor the Society Library, nor the Mercantile, nor, in a word, any of the public libraries of New York. We sent to Boston, and Philadelphia, which vie so gracefully in honoring Franklin, but learned that none of their public libraries contained the books to which the world owed all his usefulness. This mystery, however, was subsequently in part explained, when it proved that the great man's memory was doubtless in fault respecting Defoe's *Essay on Projects*, for that Defoe never wrote any such tract at all. The public libraries may be excused that they do not purchase books which have never been made. Franklin had in mind, doubtless, when he wrote, "*Defoe's Complete English Tradesman*," on the title-page of which Defoe promised to give instructions concerning his projects, among twenty other things; but it happened, in the execution, that the chapter on projects was one of those omitted by the author. As for Cotton Mather and his "*Essays to do Good*," we had aimed too high. The book which the librarians rejected had been reprinted a dozen times by tract-publishers in London, Edinburgh, Boston, and New York, half a century ago, and may be found as garbled by that almost mythical person, Mr. George Burder, in every second-hand book-shop.* We were fortunate enough to find a copy of the original edition, preserved among the curiosities of the Library of Yale College, to which it had been presented by the anonymous author, who, indeed, was apt to show his real skin from beneath whatever disguise he had occasion to put on. We fear the precious volume has been read by no one, from Mather's time to ours. It bears in his handwriting the inscription, —

* *Garbled* is a word which does not enough express the utter destruction of the life of the original effected by Mr. Burder. As if in anticipation of the American Tract Society, Mather's whole protest against slavery and the slave-trade is omitted. This was in the edition of April 27, 1807, with this explanation: "As the subject has happily no connection with our country, the passage is here omitted." This was just a month after Wilberforce and Clarkson drove through the act abolishing the trade. The whole passage, however, relating to the treatment of servants, as well as to the trade, never got back into any American edition. This is but an illustration, however, of a corruption which appears in every sentence, which makes Mr. George Burder's "improved edition" almost worthless.

"Bibliothecæ in Academiâ Connecticutensi incipienti; cui incrementa precatur.

"C. M.

"1715."

This is the way Cotton Mather preserved an incognito! In the Preface of this very book he explains at great length why he conceals his name from most of those to whom the book may come.

Of Defoe's "Complete English Tradesman," thus indirectly referred to by the great practical philosopher, we need say but a word, because the resemblance between the methods of Franklin's thought and those of Defoe are quite patent, and the influence of the earlier writer might have been suspected, if it had not been confessed. The book is marked with strong, Franklin-like good sense, as is everything to which Defoe puts his hand. There are some absurdities of political economy in it, as in everything written on such subjects in the seventeenth century. It exhibits very curiously what we may call the infancy of the present system of English commerce, and for the early history of that commerce furnishes a good many interesting suggestions.

The relation between Franklin's mind and Cotton Mather's would not have been so easily detected. But when one is put upon the track, he finds, all along, the seed-grain among a mass of chaff which the great winnowing breeze of Providence puffed away. *Bonifacius* begins with evidence that the author wrote under very high pressure.

"He is very Strongly perswaded, there is a Day very near at hand, when Books of such a Tendency as this, will be the most welcome Things imaginable, to many Thousands of Readers, and have more than One Edition. Yea, *Great will be the Army of them that Publish them!* M.DCC.XVI. is a coming."

This was written in 1710. Mather probably expected that the end of the world was "a coming" in 1716. And so it was,—and so it is still. This was, perhaps, one of the pages torn off before Franklin met with it. If he lost the whole Preface indeed, he did not lose much. It includes a double dedication, first, to "a great and generous benefactor of man-

kind, who has governed and adorned the greatest City on the face of the earth, and so much the delight of that city as well as the rest of mankind, that she shall never consider her honor or welfare better consulted than when he appears for her as a representative in the most illustrious assembly in the world." And secondly, "to his excellent brother-in-law, who has long been valued and shall always be remembered in the country where this book is published." This brother-in-law was Joseph Thompson. We trust the prophecy is fulfilled, and that he is remembered in this country, but we confess for ourselves that we had passed him by, and could not identify him. And once more did the Astor and all the celebrated libraries fail us. The name of Joseph Thompson does not appear in any Biographical Dictionary of any age, and, what is more sad, the name of Sir William Ashurst, the first patron of the book, the "Public spirit who was the delight of the greatest city on the face of the earth," does not appear in any. Indeed, these two magnates, so distinguished in their own time that Mather scarcely condescends to name them, owe at the present moment any occasional recollection of the fact that they ever trod this earth at all, to the circumstance that this book in which their names happened to be mentioned fell into the hands of a tallow-chandler's apprentice about the time they died. Remember that, Lord John Russell and Baron Rothschild, now the successors of Sir William Ashurst in the representation of London, and remember it also, all apprentices in gas-factories!

Of this Preface we speak more at length, because it appears to have been torn off when the book came into Franklin's hands, — and this accident presents a convenient epigram by which we may express the distinction between Cotton Mather's style of presenting things, and Franklin's. Like everything else written by Mather, the book is marked all through by his learned folly and foolish learning; but, as we have said, with the clew once given, one can trace, all through it, instructions and other influences which reappear in the effective public spirit of Franklin's life. And the general rule for reducing these to Franklin-isms is *to omit the Preface*. Franklin is Cotton Mather with the first pages worn off. Very likely,

for instance, we could find in Franklin's works this very sentence: "*We might every One of us do more Good than we do.*" This is exactly Mather's "certain assertion." But he chooses to make it with such due preface as would have buried it to almost any digging but that of the tallow-chandler's apprentice, — of which this is the end: —

"§ 4. Tho' the Assertion fly never so much like a *Chain-shot* among us, and Rake down all before it, I will again Assert it; *That we might every One of us do more Good than we do.*"

The book, like many of Mather's, is made up in good measure from various tracts of his, written at different periods of his life for different purposes. We can, however, easily give a brief sketch of its contents, for its plan is as distinct as Franklin's would have been. After title-page, preface, and dedication of forty-one pages, he "descends unto particulars" and "begins at home." The book then takes order in proposals of ways in which one may do good in his own heart and life, in the conjugal relation and with children. Then come the duties of Children, Masters, Servants, Neighbors, Ministers, and Schoolmasters. Then follow proposals to Churches. Then come proposals to Magistrates, Physicians, Rich Men and Officers, — how they may do more good. Under Officers are ranked Elders, Deacons, Selectmen, Grand-jurymen, Constables, Tithingmen, Military Commanders, and Commanders at Sea, — each of whom have special advice. Then the author addresses Gentlemen of the Law, and then dwells in detail on the value of Reforming Societies, or "Societies for the suppression of disorders," which, he says, "have begun to grow somewhat into fashion," just as we have been saying for the last half-century. The book ends with a catalogue of "desirables waiting for the zeal of good men to prosecute them." These are, —

1. The propagation of the Gospel.
2. The dispelling the ignorance and wickedness in the British dominion.
3. That of Greeks, Armenians, Muscovites, and other Christians.
4. "*Poor Sailours and poor Souldiers call for our Pity.*"

5. "The Tradesman's Library needs to be more enriched."

6. The establishment of Collegia Pietatis, meaning theological schools, and of Charity Schools.

7. "The works of *our day*" as indicated in Prophecy. These are, — I. The Reviving of primitive Christianity; II. "The perswading of the *European* Powers to shake off the Chains of *Popery*"; III. "The *Forming* and *Quickning* of that PEOPLE that are to be THE STONE CUT OUT OF THE MOUNTAIN."

Then comes a conclusion, and then as many appendixes as there were prefaces.

Now it must be confessed that, at the first glance, these objects to be attained do not appear much like the great objects of Franklin's life, which were crowned with such majestic success. Yet, of these special objects, the education of the ignorant, the Tradesman's Library, and Charity Schools were, if we descend into detail, among the special objects of his active interest. But it is not in that detail that we find the traces of Mather's influence on his life, but in the grand central idea of the book, and in the sharp epigram in which that idea is couched so often. The following aphorisms seem as if they were taken from Poor Richard: —

"Often mention the poor in your conversations with the rich."

"Always have lying by you a list of the poor people of your neighbourhood."

"Do good unto those neighbours who will speak ill of you after you have done it."

"Take a catalogue of all your most distant relatives, and think wherein may I pursue the good of such a relation."

"To bear evil is to do good."

"The wind feeds nobody, yet it may turn the mill which may grind the corn which may feed the poor."

"One small man, nicking the time, may do wonders."

"You must not think of making the good you do a pouring water into a pump to draw out water for yourselves."

Indeed, we believe we may say, in general, that another Poor Richard, which could only be distinguished from the genuine by a connoisseur, might be made out of the practical sermons and tracts of Cotton Mather. And one who remembers Franklin's early studies in English composition

needs only to read the chapters here on Young Men's Societies and Benevolent Societies, to see how, when Franklin read them, inwardly digested them, and expressed them as briefly as possible in his own words, they took the forms which are so familiar to us in his own practical achievements.

Yet it must be confessed that what we have called the preface to each of these "Franklin-ites" makes up a conglomerate which almost conceals the pure mineral. Thus the pet "desirables" which Mather reserves for himself to accomplish are these two.

"A BOOK, also, that shall be an *Onomatologia Monitoria* and shall advise People how to make their Names become unto them the Monitors of their Duty; might be of much use to the Christened World. And a Book that shall be *The Angel of Bethesda* and shall instruct people how to improve in agreeable Points of Piety, from the several Maladies, which their Bodies may be Diseased withal; and at the same time, inform them of the most Experimented Natural, Specifick Remedies for their Diseases, might be very useful to Mankind. These Two subjects, if not undertaken by any other Hand, may be so shortly by that which now Writes; Except the Glorious Lord of my Life immediately put an End unto it; and my Dayes are past, my Purposes are broken off, even the Thoughts of my Heart!"

And to take only one more instance, when he is giving advice to Rich men of the best expenditures of their wealth, this is the suggestion which charms him most;—that they publish for authors those books which the booksellers refuse,—the very work which was left for the foster-child of James Smithson to accomplish in another generation!

"Sometimes there may be got ready for the Press Elaborate Compositures, of Great *Bulk* and Greater *Worth*, by which the best Interests of *Knowledge* and *Virtue* may be considerably Served in the World; [Perhaps what may be called, as the *Octapla* of Origen was *Opus Ecclesiæ*] they ly like the impotent man at the Pool of Bethesda; and there they are like to ly, till God inspire some Wealthy Persons to Subscribe nobly for their Publication, and by this generous application of their wealth to bring them abroad."

With delicious unconsciousness, indeed, in this chapter he recommends Rich Men

“to wisely chuse a Friend of Shining Abilities, of Hearty affections, and of excellent Piety; a Minister of such a Character it may be. And Entreat him, yea, Oblige him, to Study for you, and Suggest to you, Opportunities to Do Good: make him, as I may say, your Monitor.”

If, as Mather would say, our little scrap of literary history need a moral, it shall be addressed to men of his own profession. Here is one man whom the world ranks as an ass, and another whom the world ranks as its most useful practical genius. The first was a preacher; and the second says, that, for any use he has been to the world, it may thank that preacher. Why is the man called an ass, to whom the world owes its most useful practical genius? Because he could not omit his own prefaces. Because he overlaid everything with such a farrago of introduction. He could not begin at the beginning, and end at the end. The moral would seem to be that this is the greatest practical gift of all. And we leave the two lives with the curious question, How many Mathers may have stood in pulpits for the last eighteen centuries, who would have been Franklins, if they had only known how “to omit their fine passages”? There is a tender appeal in the book on the sin of Sleeping in Church!—How many sleepers would the “Second Church in Boston” have known, if it could have once heard a sermon from the Franklin who lay hidden in Cotton Mather?

ART. IX. — THE OLD RHODE ISLAND QUESTION.

History of the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations. By SAMUEL GREENE ARNOLD. Vol. I. 1636–1700. New York: Appleton & Co. 1859. pp. 574.

A NEW and very attractive science, or study, has been growing popular in these last years, which has for its object to discover the significance, in various aspects, of the natural features, and even of the profile, of different parts of the earth's surface. It prophesies even the historical relations of land to

land by the way in which they look and lean towards each other in their geographical configuration. Like all other sciences, this too has its quaint and queer turns, its enthusiastic extravaganzas, its reliefs from a too serious study. It has its *lusus naturæ* to show, and can allow its disciples an occasional *lusus mentis*. Mr. Guyot himself, in his charming work on "The Earth and Man," illustrates this pleasant privilege of fancy, when he fondly notices how "the Old World *bends* towards the New," and how "America *looks* towards the Old World," and, by the very determining of its geology and geography, *spreads out its lap* to welcome the tribes which the *opposite* continent exhibits an *inclination* to thrust forth upon the sea of adventure.

Any one who has an eye for the tracing of these coincidences, may find on the maps some odd and grotesque ones, in which one might almost seem to have detected a vein of humor in old Mother Nature herself. Every schoolboy is taught, among the first things, to see how curiously Italy resembles a boot, for instance; but the example of this freakishness of the Jötuns which we have just now in mind is nearer home.

Our readers, when they have looked at the map of New England, may, or may not, have remarked a certain general likeness it bears to a boot (with a somewhat ample top, indeed), or, leaving off Maine, Vermont, and New Hampshire, to a shoe, quite long in the quarters and turned up at the toe. If, now, we imagine Rhode Island to be some tough, unyielding lump right under the hollow of this great foot of the old New England Confederacy in the middle of the seventeenth century, jammed in between the heel, Connecticut, the ball of the toe, Plymouth Colony, and the instep, Massachusetts, we shall have a lively, and, though rude, not very unfaithful impression of the early history, the peculiar trials, and the tenacious endurance of the little State, (little in size, but not in historical significance,) which has found so acute, able, entertaining, and candid an historian in the author of the volume before us.

If ever a company of political pioneers and prophets could feel and appropriate that old apostolic language, surely Williams and Clarke and their associates might truly have said,

"When we were come into [Rhode Island], our flesh had no rest, but we were troubled on every side; without were fightings, within were fears." The border and boundary troubles of the Rhode Island settlers, (who would have been certainly pronounced, in ancient times, under the disfavor of the God Terminus,) — those most tedious and thorny territorial disputes, aggravated, if not always instigated, by the bigotry of the surrounding colonies, — which necessarily occupy so large a place in this first volume, are treated by our author with a faithfulness and fairness which, had they been unaccompanied by other qualities, might have made for the general, even New England reader, a dead man's journey of many pages, where, thanks to his skilful and spirited handling, one is led pleasantly along in paths of interest and instruction; — while the more strictly internal dissensions of the little colony, with the faults or frailties of character which promoted them, as well as the circumstances which extenuated them, and the peculiar virtues and energies they called into exercise, will be found depicted here in a strong and vivid manner, and by a true pen.

The account of the Puritans, with which the book opens, is clearly and fairly written. The author admits, with remarkable candor, that, in their treatment of Williams, "their sins were rather of the head than of the heart." He repeatedly reminds us, indeed, with the other Rhode Island writers, that Williams was persecuted for "opinion's sake," an assertion which Palfrey, as well as many other Massachusetts writers before him, denies, maintaining, after Cotton, that no question of religious doctrine was involved. There is, however, a sense in which the assertion holds true; for, after all, what is the liberty to have an opinion without the liberty of expressing it, if one thinks it of any importance? Plainly, then, Williams was dealt with for his opinions, because the majority thought them dangerous ones. Freedom of conscience, Dr. Palfrey must admit, is not really had, except in name, when it is thwarted in the very points where a man has a practical use for it. Logically, therefore, the ground taken should be, that Williams *was banished* for opinion, but that that was not *persecution*. We seem to get a glimpse of a ground, in this

matter, on which the two sides ought to be reconciled. In regard to later developments, Dr. Palfrey drops a remark which leads us to look, in the sequel, for a still nearer approach, on his part, to Mr. Arnold, when he says: "The Puritan's mistake at a later period was, that he undertook by public regulation what public regulation can never achieve, and, by aiming to form a nation of saints, introduced hypocrites among them to defeat their objects, and bring scandal on their cause, while the saints were made no more numerous and no better." Compare this with what Arnold says in regard to the law of Massachusetts, restricting the franchise to church-members, on page 18.

The case of Joshua Verin, who would not let his wife go to Mr. Williams's meetings as often as she wanted to, over which the old chroniclers make merry, was certainly decided in consistency with the principle that no man (that is, human being) should be restrained in his (or her) conscience. Williams's original idea, however, undoubtedly meant this for *civil* government, not domestic; and one of the things Arnold charges upon the Puritans is, that "the sanctity of domestic life was disturbed by the surveillance of the state." But this only shows that the Providence people were *puritanical* also, in their way. It is curious, by the way, that the first interference for protecting liberty of conscience in the infant State was exerted in behalf of woman's rights.

The account of the settlement of the island of Rhode Island is an extremely interesting narrative, faithful, we believe, in all points, except in assuming that the division which led a portion of the settlers at the north end, including all the government, to draw off and set up their standard at what is now Newport, was simply a matter of *expediency*. In our opinion, it was hastened, if not caused, by disaffection, perhaps on both parts, Coddington's and Hutchinson's. Of Coddington it has been said (by Judge Durfee), that "he had in him a little too much of the future for Massachusetts, and a little too much of the past for Rhode Island, as she then was."

The story of Coddington's subsequent usurpation of the government of the southern part of the "Providence Plantations," loosely as the three colonies were held together by the

Narragansett patent, — of Williams's second voyage to England with Clarke, and their securing of a new charter, — and of the proceedings of the government under it, — the circumstances of its suspension during the power of Andros, — the new danger to the little State which followed, upon the arrival of Lord Bellamont, and in the midst of which this volume leaves us eagerly asking "more," — these general heads, and all the curious and instructive details which they cover, are presented in a full, faithful, and lively manner.

The statement of the whole affair between Samuel Gorton and the two governments of Massachusetts and Rhode Island respectively, seems to us an admirable piece of history. The name of Gorton has become, through the inconsiderateness of writers and readers of the history, a somewhat cacophonous one, and ought to be made to sound less harshly. It certainly had, until lately, to our own ears, a sound that seemed to allude to the hangman's knot. It is time these things were set down more fairly.

We began this article by speaking, half playfully, of geographical coincidences. But we would now acknowledge, gravely and gratefully, what we trust we may call without presumption the Providential coincidence presented by the publication of this noble work of a most worthy son of Rhode Island simultaneously with another work, traversing, or destined to traverse, much of the same ground, by a deservedly distinguished son of Massachusetts. May we not hail this phenomenon as an omen of the approach of a perfect understanding *between* the respective admirers of the two illustrious bands of State-founders, as well as a more perfect understanding, on all hands, of the ruling and overruling wisdom of Him who makes men to differ, and makes their warring together a working together for greater ends than the warmest pietists or the wisest philanthropists had contemplated, — who out of their discords educes a higher harmony, and sets the stars, which only *differ* in glory, in constellations of renown, where they give and receive mutual and equal lustre? Let the calm and high tone in which these two thorough and accomplished historians respectively treat their themes be an earnest to us that the time is coming, and now is, when it shall be possible for any

of us to give even-handed justice and high honor to both of those illustrious bands at once, or rather to all four, or five, of them, the founders of Rhode-Island, in both senses of the word, and the earlier settlers of the Bay State, the successive colonists of Plymouth and Salem and Boston.

Of course, it was not to be expected that Mr. Arnold, having for his main object to redeem the glory of his native State, or rather to set it as high as the truth of history should permit and require, would enter so fully and specially into those circumstances, of creed, object, and position, which tend, at least, to make us *less surprised* at the policy of the Puritans of Massachusetts, to modify essentially the idea that they adopted, on the whole, a course which was *so very unnatural*, or that he would dwell at much length on the conservative virtues of the Puritan character in a political or a religious direction. Nor, on the other hand, was it to be expected that Dr. Palfrey, though writing the history of New England at large, inasmuch as he has thus far reached a point only half a dozen years within the limits of Rhode Island history, would, as yet, give the prominence and emphasis to the position and performance of the little State which some of us feel that the peculiarity of her principles entitles her to, and which this fair and thorough writer will probably allow her in a future volume. Even the staid and quiet manner in which he speaks of Roger Williams we can well attribute to a feeling that others will take care, and have taken care, of the fame of that noble man's talents and virtues, (which he, however, emphatically acknowledges,) while the best service he can render the simple and sober truth is to set an example of a calm, dispassionate exposition of those errors on the part of the champion of the better cause, and those urgent arguments of necessity on that of those who could not afford to go so fast as he would, which made it evident that they could not work together, — that two such enterprises as his and theirs demanded separate, or distinct, fields of action.

And, after all, is not this the simple fact of the case, that it was better the two sorts of Puritans should part company for the present? — by *two sorts* we mean, men who, in their principles and policy, so characteristically, and, for practical pur-

poses, essentially differed. If they *could* have lived together, it was better they should live and labor apart.

As to the question how we shall distribute and how designate the *morale* involved in the *manner* of the successive dissolutions of partnership, with all due deference to the discernment of more confident judges, we submit that only the great and final judgment can answer it. There are three sorts of things upon which history undertakes to pronounce, — three things which form a climax of difficulty: *facts*, *motives*, and *merits*. So far as the first of these can throw light on the last two, it is wonderful what ever-new light the sharp eyes of modern research and the division of labor in this department are eliciting from the detection and comparison of items apparently the most insignificant. But from facts to motives, — from outer facts to those inner and impalpable ones, how considerable is the step! And from motives to merits it is vast indeed, and one which a right-minded man will hesitate long to take.

But even the seeing and showing of facts as they were, and placing them in a right relation to each other, so that they shall be in true proportion and perspective, this (which indeed is the whole of the historian's strict and proper province) is (to begin with) no easy task. It is curious to see how the slightest shiftings of the kaleidoscope of the writer's preference may alter the look and leaning of things. Thus, in regard to the (now amusing) suspicion with which the Salem brethren regarded what to this day remains as the Boston Association of Ministers, Palfrey and Arnold both refer to the same authority (Winthrop, I. 117); but the former says, "Against this practice *Williams inveighed*, as being what 'might grow in time to a presbytery or superintendency, to the prejudice of the Church's liberties,'" while the latter represents it as inspiring "the cautious mind of *Skelton* with fear lest," &c., and adds, "In this feeling *Williams* shared, *but remained passive*."* Singly, such differences are trivial, but when you put into the kaleidoscope of partial feeling and fancy a thousand little bits of incident, a slight agitation will produce a marked change of the whole figure.

And when it comes to the question of the *motives* and *merits*

* Winthrop simply says, Skelton and Williams "*took some exception*," &c.

of men of long-gone days, how much more delicate and difficult becomes the task of historical simplicity and soberness! In the case of the Puritan settlers of New England, not to insist upon the mixture or alternation of motives which may, and often does, hold sway in one and the same soul, we must remember that they were a mixed company. Dr. Palfrey well recognizes this, and furnishes us an argument for moderation in judging even the Boston church, in the unquestionable fact that one party would do mainly from one class of motives what another party with different and less worthy feelings would be glad to have done, and the motives that made the most noise would be apt to come down to us as those which really did the business.

A truly difficult and delicate task it is, we repeat, to analyze and distribute the complex motives of men in such a peculiar position as that of the Puritans of Massachusetts, — to decide, for instance, how far their action was determined by state policy, and how far by religious feeling, or to estimate in what proportions the sacred and the secular elements entered into the composition of their life and character, or to make up our minds how far they were actuated in their treatment of dissentient brethren by a sense of the necessity of their position, how far by narrow views of religious duty, and how far by the veritable *odium theologicum*.

The two charges most commonly brought against the Massachusetts Puritans have been of hypocrisy and of inconsistency. As to the former, we are often astonished at the off-hand manner in which men will fling it at their fellows. A being once walked the earth who "knew what was in man" well enough to be justified in saying, "Thou hypocrite!" but we doubt whether any one since has understood deeply enough and far enough back a brother man's internal history, to be warranted in applying that term in its commonly understood sense.

As to the other charge, of inconsistency, the propriety of that depends upon the question, What did the emigrants of 1628 and 1630 come over for? Whether their motive simply was to worship God for themselves freely, or whether, as Dr. Palfrey thinks, they had a sort of presentiment and purpose

from the beginning of ultimately establishing a free political State,—in either view, it was for *their* liberty they came hither. They came as the defenders of *liberty* rather than as the champions of *liberality*, in which latter character, we think it will be generally admitted, when the whole matter is calmly considered, Williams, Clarke, and their associates, had a higher or a broader light than the majority of those from whom they separated. But to say that the founders of Rhode Island were more faithful to their light than the Bay brethren is quite another thing. The Church-and-State men of Massachusetts thought, not only that it was wise and necessary, but that *verily* they *ought* to do many things which we, now, can see were “contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth.” But if God counted Saul of Tarsus *faithful*, notwithstanding his blindness and bitterness, because he acted up to the best light he had, may we not honor the grim fidelity of the New England zealots, notwithstanding all the narrowness of conception, in many respects, with which it was associated?

And if, even in these days of increased light and liberty and liberality, the practical working of the theory of freedom of conscience has often proved such a perplexing and puzzling thing to the wisest heads and the best hearts, may we not well make the more allowance for the Puritans of the seventeenth century, who came hither to realize the idea of a Christian commonwealth? We well remember a singular theme Professor Channing once gave, from Mrs. Farrar’s Robinson Crusoe: “I had but three subjects, and they were of three different religions; my man Friday was a Protestant; his father, a Pagan and cannibal; and the Spaniard was a Papist: however, I allowed liberty of conscience throughout my dominions.” Simple-hearted Robinson! happy was it, if neither thy Pagan nor thy Papal subject ever felt in conscience bound to do, as a right, what his creed might not only allow, but impose as a religious duty!

Undoubtedly we shall all admit, that, in some respects, the men of Massachusetts acted under unnecessary apprehension, and with narrow views of religion, if not of policy. But there is one thing in which they were eminently consistent. Whatever blunders they may have made in their measures for

keeping Church and State in one, the idea was in itself a noble one, which floated before the minds of the settlers alike of Plymouth and of Portsmouth, that Church and State ought to be, not merely allied, but identical; in other words, that the law of God is the only safe foundation of human law and order. With all their delusions, they certainly were free from one which has sadly infected their descendants, of undertaking to set religion aside from some of the most prominent and important relations of men. They had not one tribunal called the Divine Testimony for Church Matters, and another called the Public Mind for State Affairs. Theirs was not the folly and the impiety of pretending to ask on certain days and subjects, "What saith the Lord?" and on others swelling the cry, "The voice of the people (or of the greater number) hath spoken: it is the voice of God!" We can sympathize in the evident gusto with which Dr. Palfrey declares that, "in no stress, in no delirium of politics, could a Puritan have been brought to teach, that, for either public or private conduct, there is some law of man above the law of God."

As New-Englanders, we have, to a certain extent and a great extent, a common ground for pride in the Puritanism of our New England ancestry. Cannot a true Massachusetts and a true Rhode Island heart beat in the same bosom? Some of us have special reason for asserting the affirmative. The Pilgrims of Rhode Island, at least the settlers of the island itself, were themselves Puritans, and, as Callender says, "of the highest form." Nor did they, though, in some respects, choice spirits among them, monopolize all the merit of the mixed company, whose numbers differed, indeed, in degree of light and virtue, but which, as a whole, was marked out from the world by rare and shining endowments of mind and spirit. The Puritan is the progenitor of one, whose pedigree we should be glad to see analyzed with the thoroughness it merits, that compound of grit and humor, the Yankee. And what would be left of New England, (to say no more,) if you took away the Yankee, is a question we "seek not to penetrate."

But, after all, the calculating and balancing of human motives and merits seems to us but a small part, but a low and narrow view, of the business of history. When the so-

called Father of History named his nine books after the Muses (who were virtually part of the manifestation of that complex Divinity), he foreshadowed the idea, which seems to us a true one, that the writing of history is a work of piety, as well as of poesy. There is no such thing as profane history. All history is sacred. It is an account of the ways and wisdom of Divine Providence. If one might venture to read Pope's famous line,

"Whatever *was* is right,"

we think that would be a sound assertion. The past is holy and divine. It has become an unalterable part of the great Scripture of Divine Providence. In *studying* history, at least, we are apt to make too much of man, and too little of God. Until we reverse this, the study must fail to impart its best and legitimate influence. A bright day will it be when the writers and readers of history shall have a reverent yearning to vindicate the ways of Providence, which shall make all anxiety to vindicate the measures or merits of men a quite secondary thing.

We are told that when, on one of the occasions preceding his banishment, the magistrates and ministers were for visiting Roger Williams with the immediate severity of law, Cotton besought them first to try the method of argument, for they might yet gain their brother. Upon which Grahame well remarks, that "they gained him, indeed, in a manner less flattering to themselves than a controversial victory would have been, but much more beneficial to the interests of America."

Would that all historical surveys and sentences were governed by the spirit of this reflection! We hail, however, the two works that have been in our view during the preparation of this paper, as harbingers of a new style and spirit in treating the vexed topics of early New England history.

We would gladly make extracts to justify the praise we have bestowed on Mr. Arnold's volume, but rather than undertake to give our readers, by a brick or two, a specimen of his building, recommend to them earnestly to enter and examine for themselves.

Finally, we welcome these two noble brothers to the bright

band of our American historians. Success to them both in their endeavors to find out, and to bring out, the truth in its severe simplicity! Success to the best qualities of the Puritan character, on both sides of the long-agitated question we have referred to! God speed the joint cause of faith and freedom!

ART. X.—REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY.

THE chief fact we have to notice in this department among ourselves is the appearance, in one month, of two new theological journals,* which have the common object of reviving and defending the elder faith of New England. What shades of difference in belief may be between them, we have little care to arbitrate. The difference in their temper and aim is hinted in their titles. The "Congregationalist" is from beginning to end what its name denotes,—a champion of that ecclesiastical polity which it considers the oldest, the wisest, the freest, the best adapted to the genius of our people and to the Christian work it has in hand to execute. It deals a great deal in statistics and personal memoranda, and makes no very positive declaration of theological opinion. The other is far more significant and decisive. It will know nothing of "controversies between Presbyterians and Congregationalists." Its one aim is, on a doctrinal platform common to both, to defend the Calvinistic faith as the "best of all systems of divine truth hitherto arranged." Its tone is clear, frank, explicit. It apprehends distinctly the radical opposition between the creed it espouses and the dominant spirit of the time,—whether seen in letters, science, or what we more vaguely call the progress of the age. It is a question of principle, not of methods or details, that it has undertaken to discuss,—a question how broad and radical we have endeavored to illustrate in our pages. Its tone is that of conviction, honestly held and frankly maintained. Its firm, well-defined, uncompromising attitude challenges our respect. We may have to meet it, now and then, in the quality of antagonists; but we trust that always, as now, it may be with nothing to impair the comity there should be among Christian thinkers and sincere searchers after truth. "Opinion in good men," says Milton, "is but knowledge in the making." So controversy, among honest men, is but God's truth in the learning.

A clear and able Introduction sets forth very explicitly the rad-

* The Congregational Quarterly, Vol. I. No. 1; and The American Theological Review, Vol. I. No. 1. January, 1859. Boston.

ical contradiction between Calvinism and any less decisive form of doctrine, any half-way or concealed Arminianism. In this we have only to find fault with the writer's assumption, that Calvinism is the only scheme which makes God the centre of religious thought! The next paper is a very fair illustration of the sort of defiance thrown out to literature as the expression of the dominant mind of the time. It is a zealous and well-aimed attack on the writer of perhaps widest influence of all who now wield the English tongue. When Mr. Dickens entered the field as a champion against the hypocrisies of the time, his incessant caricature, his fondness for broad effects, his very temperament as a man of genius, seeing with the heart rather than the head, left grievous chinks in his harness, of which his assailant does not fail to take advantage, sparing not even the sorrows and scandals that have beset his private life. The article is worth reading, not as a fair general critique, but as a sharp exposure of the vulnerable side of one whom all would love to praise; still more, for its eloquent vindication of the classes who have suffered unjustly from the great novelist's satire. Personal attack or personal retort is a dangerous weapon, used against individuals or classes, and one to be handled charily. We wish the writer of the paper on "endless punishment" had borne this in mind, and regret that an argument so momentous in its issue gets mixed up with a tone of ridicule and assumption unworthy of the grave debate. We wish, as the writer does, "a few solid words ere we part."

This is the only instance we observe of a departure from the temper of fair, manly discussion. In the main, we are moved to honor the evident *purpose* with which the several papers are written. Granting the orthodox system to be true, the only temper intelligible in one who holds it so is that of an incessant, unflinching, uncompromising advocacy. Doubtless the advocates of a strict, well-marked creed have an enormous advantage over those whom intellect and conscience alike compel to harmonize their faith with a different style of culture, and (shall we say?) a more philosophic view of human history. Doubtless, what we call Liberalism is in peril of falling on its ethical side into a crude sentimentalism, and on its intellectual side into a no-creed, devoid of all the more reverent and devout elements of Christian faith. Possibly each may help the other. Such a spirit as that which records a shining example of "ministerial fidelity," or urges those points in our condition which indicate this as a divinely "commissioned missionary nation," can do nothing but good. If controversy come from the aggressive vigor of a creed which seems to us immeasurably narrow as a gauge of the eternal counsel of the Most High, we trust it will be always subordinated to the spirit which makes of the disciples of one Lord, in the lofty yet reverent phrase of St. Paul, "*laborers together with God.*"

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE recent and unanticipated death of Mr. Prescott lends a painful interest to the new volume of his *History of the Reign of Philip the*

Second.* Born at Salem on the 4th of May, 1796, and dying at Boston on the 28th of January, 1859, his literary life was a succession of splendid triumphs. His first attempt as an author was received with rare and well-deserved favor; each new production of his pen added to his reputation; his latest work was his best; and at his death he had long stood, by the consent of all, in the foremost rank of American historians.

This, however, is not the place, nor is this the fitting occasion, for a detailed sketch of his life, or an elaborate estimate of his characteristics as a writer. As his various works have issued from the press, the readers of this journal have been made acquainted with their special merits, and with the general method of his labors. His personal character has been lovingly portrayed elsewhere, by the eloquent lips of college friends and equally intimate associates of later years. Moreover, the time has scarcely yet arrived for a calm and careful survey of his various powers, and a final judgment as to his position among the great writers of history. It is sufficient for our present purpose to say, that an historian whose works exhibit those characteristics to which we have so often had occasion to refer when speaking of Mr. Prescott, whose familiarity with his subject is so profound and exhaustive, whose candor and impartiality are so unyielding, whose reflections are so judicious and well-considered, and whose style is so simple and perspicuous, possesses some of the most essential qualities on which an enduring reputation rests. His fame must be regarded as secure.

But this consideration does not diminish the regret with which we close the third volume of his still unfinished *History*. Enough of it had been written to show how admirably qualified he was, both by knowledge and by practice, to deal with a theme of so much wider and grander interest than any which had hitherto engaged his pen; but enough remained only in promise to sadden the reader as he reluctantly lays down the splendid fragment.

This third volume of Mr. Prescott's great work is less varied in interest than were the two previous volumes. But what it loses in variety of character and incident, it gains in epic unity; and the reader is not distracted by the rush of new events and unknown personages constantly appearing and disappearing upon the scene. In writing a *History of the Reign of Philip the Second*, the historian must often and rapidly pass from country to country, and with each change place himself amidst new circumstances, new customs, and new peoples speaking new languages, — so widely extended was the power of Spain and so comprehensive were her politics. In the volume before us, however, Mr. Prescott is enabled to confine himself almost entirely to the history of the Moorish Rebellion and the War with the Turks. The first eight chapters treat of the condition of the Moors in Spain, and trace with great minuteness the story of their unsuccessful attempt to set up a

* *History of the Reign of Philip the Second, King of Spain.* By WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT. Vol. III. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co.

new empire in the Peninsula. Beginning with some judicious observations on the bitter feelings with which the Spaniards regarded the Moriscoes, and on the oppressive edict which was the immediate cause of the outbreak, Mr. Prescott describes with many graphic touches the descent of the Moriscoes under Aben-Farax upon Granada, the various battles and sieges which marked the progress of the struggle, closing with the death of Aben-Aboo, the last of the Moorish kings, and the expulsion of the misbelievers. The next three chapters are devoted to the war waged against the Turks by the united forces of the Pope, Venice, and Spain, with its crowning victory of Lepanto. The last two chapters in the volume, forming the commencement of the Sixth Book, deal with the domestic affairs of Spain, and are among the most attractive in the entire work. They show how thoroughly Mr. Prescott had mastered his subject, and how rich and various were the materials which he had collected to illustrate the actual condition of Spain in the time of Philip the Second, and the personal character of the monarch.

In dealing with the events which are narrated in this volume, Mr. Prescott has had not a few opportunities for indulging in those picturesque descriptions in which few historians have surpassed him. These he has not neglected. By single touches and by more elaborate painting, as in the descriptions of the siege of Galera and the battle of Lepanto, he has brought vividly before the reader many brilliant and stirring scenes. His characters of the prominent actors are drawn with a firm and discriminating touch; and there are no more pleasing chapters than those which portray the early life and character of Don John of Austria, and describe the habits and tastes of Philip. Throughout, Mr. Prescott's style has the same pellucid flow which has characterized all his former works. Indeed, we are inclined to think that his style has grown richer and mellowed with advancing years. The orderly arrangement of the narrative, too, is even more noticeable in this volume than it was in his earlier writings. It should seem as though, conscious of the uncertainty of his life, he had so written that each chapter might fitly close his long and honored career.

At his death the whole of the two remaining volumes, we are told, had been arranged in outline, and some part of the filling-in had been completed; and from these materials, it is stated, that Mr. Foster Kirk, Mr. Prescott's secretary, will complete the work according to the original plan. For this extremely difficult and delicate task, Mr. Kirk possesses some special qualifications not elsewhere to be found. He is already favorably known as the author of some carefully prepared articles in the *North American Review* on subjects connected with Spanish history, and from Mr. Prescott's own testimony as to the extent of his acquirements; and we cannot doubt that he will discharge this trust in such a manner as will justify the confidence placed in him. Still, we should have preferred that the unfinished work of Mr. Prescott should remain just as he left it.

MR. WILSON returns to the charge in attacking the received accounts

of the gorgeous civilization of ancient Mexico.* In a note added to the book after its completion, he expresses very gracefully his regret that it should appear just when the community is shocked with the announcement of Mr. Prescott's death. There is no room, however, for any fear of implication that "he is assailing the memory of the dead," for he is making no attack on Mr. Prescott, but merely on the great mass of Mr. Prescott's authorities. Mr. Prescott was as much interested in this scrutiny as any man.

We will take an early opportunity to discuss the broad questions which are thrown open by these repeated onslaughts upon the Spanish Chronicles. At present we have only to say, that, although this author has no sort of system in his book-making, he has, what is a great deal better, an immense mass of facts bearing upon his subject, many of which are drawn from sources which other historians have not had at command, and many of them from his own observations among the Indian tribes and in Mexico itself. The book is incoherent indeed, being rather a collection of essays than a single book. We could have wished that some of these essays were omitted, that the author had not mixed up with his attack on the Castilian chroniclers some speculations of his own which seem to us quite as airy as theirs, about the Phœnician migrations to Central America. But we are so glad to get a series of thoroughly made observations and studies in the most curious department of our archæology, that we will not quarrel with the arrangement of these studies. It is more and more evident that the result of our occupation of parts of Mexico is going to be a great increase of light on the early history of the country.

WE are glad to receive now, in their fair English dress, the volumes of Arago's biographical sketches.* The titles of the several papers will suggest the variety and interest of the topics they treat, — pleasant and brilliant episodes, most of them, in the history of the science of the last hundred years. In the form of "éloges," or commemorative discourses, they detail in lively and popular style most of the discoveries and inventions that have marked the higher departments of science. Such names as Bailly, Herschel, La Place, Carnot, Young, and Watt, illustrated by so notable a compeer, are a guaranty of the rare interest of these volumes. But their principal charm lies in the immense personal vigor of the man Arago; — a vigor which led him, perhaps, to hasty conclusions, to imperfect and unsound views in some lesser points, to unworthy personal controversies and political indiscretions, showing him even more the man of active life than the philosopher; but which has given him also a larger space in the regard of men than any intellectual Frenchman of the century whom we can readily name. One cannot help likening him to Carnot,

* A New History of the Conquest of Mexico, in which Las Casas's Denunciations of the popular Historians of that War are fully vindicated. By ROBERT ANDERSON WILSON. Philadelphia: James Challen and Son.

† Biographies of Distinguished Scientific Men. By FRANÇOIS ARAGO. (Translated.) First and Second Series. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

the great war minister *par excellence*, and fancying that the arms and policies of state, which he administered so bravely ten years ago, were still fitter for his handling than algebraic symbols and the tools of the astronomer's trade. His autobiography is one of the most exciting pieces of adventure to be found. Sinbad the sailor, voyaging for honest traffic, encountered not stranger hazards, or fell into more numerous, strange, and formidable, unfriendly hands, than the intrepid young surveyor, who crosses the Pyrenees, with his theodolite and chain, to trace that famous meridian arc, the magnificent unit of measure adopted by the French. The series of escapes among bandits and corsairs, the wild coasts of Barbary, and the worse perils of Spanish jails, give us a very curious side view of some scenes and episodes in the great Peninsular campaign. Arago's career as an Academician seems to have been almost as full of excitement as his three years of foreign service. His hearty partisanship, his bold, generous, and ardent nature, are well shown both in the brief hints with which he closes his autobiography, and by the brilliant papers which succeed, — admirable models of their class.

No event that we remember offers so near and striking a parallel to the rise of Methodism, as that form of the Temperance movement initiated about twenty years ago under the name of "Washingtonianism." The most marked and able man of that movement well deserved the tribute which filial honor has rendered since his death.* Mr. Hawkins was the first, and perhaps, on the whole, the best of that class of men, who, rescued from the curse of drunkenness, made it their religion and life-work to rescue others. And, remembering the painful extravagances and mistakes of a class of orators glorying in having been the most abandoned of men, one is glad to find the real honesty, modesty, and worth, the groundwork of religious conviction, and the abiding influence of Christian training, which guided a career so manly and sincere over so perilous a field. The bulk of the biography consists, of course, of the detail of labors and experience in the Temperance cause; and regarded in this light alone, it is among the most instructive and striking chapters in the moral history of the time.

SIMON WILLARD, son of Richard, was born in the year 1605, at Horsmonden, a parish of Kent. There he grew up to man's estate and to Puritan opinions, and there he married and had children. In 1634, crowds of Puritans sought freedom of worship on this continent. "God's providence," says Sir Symonds D'Ewes, in his Autobiography, "this year, especially in the spring-time, put into the hearts of many godly persons, as well women as men, to hazard themselves, their children and estates, to go into New England in America by sea, there to plant one of the most absolutely holy, orthodox, and well-governed churches in Christendom or in that other world." Of these "godly persons, as well women as men," two were Simon Willard, and his wife Mary, who was then twenty years of age.

* Life of John H. W. Hawkins. Compiled by his Son. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co.

On his arrival in Massachusetts, Willard went first to Cambridge, and established himself on the piece of land which was owned and occupied twenty-five years ago by his learned descendant, Professor Sidney Willard. There may have been fifty families in Cambridge when Simon Willard joined them, and there was already complaint of "straitness for want of land." A minister — that queen-bee of a New England swarm — appeared in the person of Mr. Peter Bulkley, who came from England the next year; and under his lead Willard's and twelve other households waded and hewed their way to Musketaquid, now Concord. Willard's activity and trustworthiness had become known, and the party had scarcely reached the place before he was engaged by the younger Winthrop to go round to the mouth of Connecticut River and see to the putting up of a plank fort and some cabins. But he got back to his wife and children in season to keep them from starving or freezing during the winter.

At Concord, Willard did a little of everything that was useful, except what Bulkley did as minister. In civil life he was Clerk of the Writs, and in military, captain of the train-band. He represented his town in the General Court. He traded with the Indians, and helped the apostle Eliot in trying to convert them. He was commissioner for the Colony to treat with the Block-Islanders and Pequots, and he served it as surveyor to lay out the bounds of new plantations. Twenty years after his emigration, he was chosen an Assistant, that is, a member of the board which exercised the highest judicial and legislative functions; and was continued in that office by annual election twenty-three years, till his death; for promotion in those days, for worthy men, if slow, was stable. He was Sergeant-Major, or, as we should call it, Major-General, of the militia of his county, at a time when it behooved a militia officer to be capable and brave. On the occasion of an apprehended conflict with the Nyantick Indians in 1653, he was placed in command of an expedition from Massachusetts, and in that capacity became personally involved in the dispute between his own Colony and its more fiercely disposed confederates.

When King Charles the Second, of blessed memory, came to enjoy his own again, and Lord Clarendon sent over the commission of Colonel Nichols and his three assessors to rout the Dutch from New Amsterdam, and put the democratic colonies of New England in order, Massachusetts appointed Willard, with the Governor and three others, to see what was best to be done about it. The committee watched the visitors like a lynx, listened to them like an adder, and barked at them at the right times like a watch-dog; and the Colony, tempering and alternating masterly inactivity with seasonable warnings proclaimed with bray of trumpet, sent the Royal Commissioners home with full confirmation of what Lord Clarendon had before shrewdly suspected, — that the Puritan plantations had already "hardened into republics."

Willard sold his estate in Concord in 1659, and went to inland Lancaster, where he passed the last seventeen years of his life. He was actively engaged in the operations of the critical war against the Pokanoket King Philip, when he was seized with an epidemic sickness,

to which he fell a victim at Charlestown, on the 24th day of April, 1676.

This story Mr. Joseph Willard, seventh in descent from the subject of it, has told at large, — the way in which such a story should be told.* Himself a learned antiquary and a well-trained man of letters, he has given to his work the interest of various collateral knowledge and of perspicuous and graceful expression. With the personal history of his progenitor he has judiciously interwoven not a little of the general history and of the interesting anecdote of the times; and very few books of any size or description are to be named as more richly illustrative of the first half-century of New England. In the beginning of the volume is condensed some curious learning concerning early times in England, and especially concerning the origin of names of persons and places, and the old life of the men of Kent, the pattern race of English yeomen. And towards the end is placed a list of a part — more than three hundred — of Simon Willard's descendants through three generations, with biographical notices interspersed.

Our New England town histories and family histories — even if put together in a clumsy manner, as they very often are — are works of interest and importance. Nothing helps the general historian more to tread his way securely. As to the latter class of compositions, so diffused is consanguinity in New England, that the history of one name is the history of many races. Almost all people of Yankee birth or ancestry, whether living in that part of Boston from which Cork and Tipperary has not yet extruded us, or in San Francisco, or anywhere between the two, are derived from an original stock of four thousand families, and from the branches of that stock, twisted with each other, over and over again, through seven generations; so that from the history of the name of Willard, for instance, belonging at the end of the alphabet, not only Willards, but Adamses, Browns, Cutlers, Deanes, and so on to the alphabet's end, may trace a graft into their own genealogical tree. So much use a very dry collection will serve. But, in a master's hand, this sort of work takes a different shape and value from that of a mere *mémoire pour servir*. Mr. Willard is not one of those antiquarian pedants whose microscopes exclude all relations of perspective, but a scholar of liberal and comprehensive mind and culture. When he delivered, some years ago, a Commemorative Address before the citizens of Lancaster, he led many to hope that he would himself give personality to the masterly sketch which he drew of the future historian of Massachusetts. If his modesty or his engagements have hitherto deferred that hope, at all events in the present volume he has provided, not only matter of reasonable pride for his own numerous clan, but at the same time aids to the researches of book-designing men, and instruction and entertainment for the general reader.

* Willard Memoir; or, Life and Times of Major Simon Willard, with Notices of three Generations of his Descendants, and two Collateral Branches in the United States; also, Some Account of the Name and Family in Europe, from an Early Day. By JOSEPH WILLARD. With three Engravings. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 8vo. pp. 471.

ESSAYS, ETC.

THAT very fascinating and suggestive volume, "*Thorndale*,"* has been too long known, at least by name, to those conversant with the recent fruits of the English mind, to need more than a brief greeting at its reappearance now in an American dress. Perhaps the tone, especially of the earlier part, — which shows the somewhat morbid introspection of a mind of ripe and refined culture, yet held in balance by no plain task-work of active duty, — blinds the reader at first as to the real purport and spirit of the book. A volume of essays it is not, or of new Platonic dialogues, as one might possibly think it after a little acquaintance. But — apart from the tenderness and delicacy of handling it betrays, and that shrinking from dogmatism which seems halting ever between two opinions — a rare amount of vigor in the drawing of character, of human feeling, of something approaching to dramatic skill, and ingenious variety of incident, gives grace and force to its treatment of the eternal problems of good and evil, of God, Man, and the Future. So morbidly scrupulous and self-distrustful is the leading person of the narrative, — and the reason why is signified in his touching recital of the early experience and the weary malady that have driven him upon himself for companionship, — that he dares not even attempt to realize to himself the overwhelming thought of immortality (p. 21). An undercurrent of gentle religious trust, however, as well as of human sympathy, runs through his review of his own intellectual life, and the "conflict of opinions" in which he has been a not quite silent by-stander. "To see Naples and its beautiful bay, and then to die, was precisely the business I had." And here he beguiles the languor of sickness, by recalling the scenes and thoughts of earlier days. The characters of Luxmore, the poet, Cyril, the modern Capuchin, Clarence, the Utopian, and Seckendorf, the stern critic of all theories and faiths, are types, admirably drawn, of so many tendencies in the educated mind of the day. The problems which really engage the deepest speculation, and call forth the most earnest conflicts of faith, we hardly remember to have seen presented in so attractive, clear, and unflinching a way. Seckendorf, the critic of all beliefs and professor of none, sustains the most vigorous and able part in the dialogue. The author seems conscious that, by his own showing, scepticism has the best of the argument; and closes his volume with a subtly wrought and elaborate essay from the assumed hand of Clarence, entitled, "*The Confession of Faith of an Eclectic and Utopian Philosopher*" (pp. 365 – 544), occupying full one third of the volume. This concluding essay seems to us quite beautiful as a protest, deliberately reaffirmed out of a spirit of pure faith in goodness, against the desolating denial which before seemed almost to have crushed it into silence. But as to the dramatic conduct of the story, it seems an intrusion and an afterthought.

Two things will strike the thoughtful reader of this volume. First,

* THORNDALE; or, *The Conflict of Opinions*. By WILLIAM SMITH. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

that nowhere, from first to last, is any reference made to an authoritative Faith as deciding those problems of life and destiny, which the writer assumes as problems for evermore to the human intellect. And secondly, that the type of faith which does subsist (other than the mere surrender to an ecclesiastical creed or discipline) is distinctly, as far as it goes, a *socialistic* faith, looking to the indefinite progress of mankind in virtue, intelligence, and social order. How far do these two symptoms really reflect the finer philosophic culture, and religious aspiration, of the present day? Aside from what may be called the *unconscious* Christian element in modern life, this volume would seem to suggest a condition of thought, as to the problems we have spoken of, precisely corresponding with the Pyrrhonism of the later Pagan centuries, — qualified only by the characteristic modern faith in the progress of society. Withal, the prevailing spirit of the book is calm, gentle, even devout and trustful. And we regard it, not as a mere exhibition of the uncertainties that attend all human inquiries into the Invisible, but rather as an illustration of the intimate blending of those inquiries with what is tenderest in the affection and most personal in the experience of men.

THE many readers of Mr. Robertson's Sermons will be glad to add to them the expression of his manly, devout, and vigorous style of thought, in a volume of Lectures and Addresses,* edited since his death. They are more various in the ground they cover, more general in their treatment, more literary in the topics and suggestions they introduce, than belonged to the plain, definite purpose of the Sermons. But we gratefully welcome in them the same noble qualities of mind. They are especially interesting to us, as examples of what is addressed to the workingmen of England in popular lectures and debates, — which seem far more distinctly to aim at the *instruction* of the people than similar institutions amongst ourselves. "The Influence of Poetry," "Wordsworth," "Improvement of the Dwellings of the Laboring Classes," the question of Rank as affecting the progress and position of those classes, and of "the Introduction of Sceptical Publications" into their libraries, are among the topics we find presented in this volume. From the remarks on the last we cite the following true and generous words:—

"Generally, the step from doubt is a reckless plunge into sensuality. Then comes the darkening of the moral being; and then from uncertainty and scepticism it may be that the path lies unobstructed, sheer down into Atheism. But if there be one on earth who deserves compassion, it is the sincere, earnest, and — may I say it without the risk of being misunderstood? — honest doubter. Let who will denounce him, I will not. I would stand by his side, and say, Courage, my brother! You are darkening your own soul; you are contradicting the meaning of your own existence. But God is your Father, and an Infinite Spirit seeks to mingle itself with yours." — pp. 68, 69.

* Lectures and Addresses on Literary and Social Topics. By the late Rev. F. W. ROBERTSON. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

WE welcome with especial interest every contribution of earnest and living thought from regions whose civilization is yet more fresh and flexible than our own. A volume sent us from beyond the Alleghanies * stands worthily in the companionship we have given it. With the author's name we have no other acquaintance than that which the title-page gives us. From the Preface and tone of the work we gather that it belongs to a thoughtful man in active professional life, with whom the principles that lie below his every-day matter and his administration of justice have grown to be matters of reflection so habitual and pressing, that his system (in his own language) has "produced itself," and *must* be written. In style it is very plain, simple, and direct, — a little too sententious for easy reading, but well calculated to reiterate the lesson, and re-arrest the attention of those who need it most. Beginning with the simple elements of mental philosophy, it develops a comprehensive and consistent scheme, first of personal obligation, and finally of the wider relations which man holds to the family and the state. All morality, in the author's view, rests on Religion, — on the clearly understood and acknowledged relation of the soul to God. We like the plain and prominent statement of this fundamental truth. We like the direct, earnest, forcible way in which the successive steps of the argument are put forth. We like the author's honest republicanism, and his clear view of the perils, as well as rights and privileges, of a democracy. The volume is one of which the mere existence must do good. And we hope that its grave, somewhat formal and systematic elaboration of its leading idea may not prevent its holding the place it so well deserves, to instruct the restless mind, and guide the impatient temper, of our Western public.

ANTIQUITIES.

THE third volume of Schwegler's Roman History, † left at the author's death nearly ready for the press, conducts the student through the storms of civil contests, and the mists of fable and tradition, to the Licinian Laws, which inaugurate at once the "era of good feeling" and the period of well-defined history and certain chronology. So far is only introduction; Roman History did not properly begin until the Licinian legislation had made the state a unit. But for how much we have to thank the author of these three handsome volumes, for putting into orderly shape and clearly stating the various points at issue and the arguments on each side, no one can fairly appreciate who has not attempted to master the intricacies of Roman constitutional history. As the history of the city before the Licinian laws was but a continual and fierce struggle of parties, so all the literature on this period is but bickering

* *Morality and the State.* By SIMEON NASH. Columbus, Ohio: Follett, Foster, & Co.

† *Römische Geschichte im Zeitalter des Kampfs der Stände.* Von Dr. A. SCHWEGLER. Zweite Hälfte. Vom ersten Decemvirat bis zu den licinischen Gesetzen. Nach des Verfassers Tod herausgegeben von Dr. F. F. BAUR, Professor am Gymnasium in Tübingen. Tübingen. 1858. Verlag der H. Laupp'schen Buchhandlung. Laupp and Siebeck. 8vo. pp. 380.

and argument. Nothing is certain, we can hardly say that anything is probable; and when we fairly escape into the period of the Samnite wars, grand in themselves and certain enough for all practical purposes, we cannot but feel grateful to the skilful pilot who has guided us safely through the shoals and breakers into the clear open sea. These three volumes form a complete whole, corresponding precisely in the ground covered to the first two volumes of Niebuhr; and it is not too much to say, that they contain on the whole the most compendious and satisfactory discussion of every point touched upon. We do not mean by this to compare his treatment of special points with that of the great discoverers in this field, Mommsen, Götting, Huschke, Rubino, &c., but to say that their investigations and conclusions will be found in Schwegler's work clearly and fairly stated, and, what is of the utmost importance, placed by the side of opposing views, and compared impartially with them. It is hardly likely that any one will attempt the continuation of this work, nor is it on the whole very desirable; the special period for which it was needed is that ending with the Licinian laws, although it would be of much service as far as to the Punic wars.

PRELLER'S *Roman Mythology*,* a companion to his treatise on Greek Mythology, published four or five years ago, belongs like that to the admirable series of works on classical antiquities publishing by the Weidmann house. This series, which comprises also Mommsen's *Roman History* and Curtius's *Greek History*, is designed to present in a compact form the results of the latest investigations in this field, with little regard to the steps by which the results were reached. Thus this work sums up and presents to us in a readable form the treasures of knowledge which Hartung, Ambrosch, Klausen, Mercklin, and others have been painfully digging out from the confused mass of Roman tradition. It is a great pleasure to follow so keen-sighted and enthusiastic a guide through a labyrinth so newly explored, and we are ready to acknowledge that his very faults illustrate more fully his merits. For that he often looks to fanciful symbolical illustrations for explanations which might be found nearer at hand, is a fault that we are very ready to forgive in an inquirer who, not satisfied with the dry fact of the belief in such a god, and the existence of such a religious usage, seeks an origin of this fact in the character of the people and the nature of the religious idea which ruled among them. This excessive symbolism is the prevailing fault of the work before us, as well as of the Greek Mythology of the same author. But the peculiarities of the Roman character, and the religion which grew up with it, do not allow it to be so obtrusive in this as in the earlier work. The author complains in his introductory chapter that his task is "in more than one respect much less favorable," because the stern and unimagined disposition of the Romans led them "far more to worship and religion than to mythology and æsthetics."

We have called this a newly explored field; we might also say that

* *Römische Mythologie* von L. PRELLER. Berlin: Weidmannsche Buchhandlung (K. Reimer). 1858. 8vo. pp. 820.

it is but just discovered. It is only within a few years that even the learned world has fairly appreciated the wide difference that existed between the Greek and Roman mythologies, — a difference as wide as that in their art, literature, and national character. Nothing would seem more glaringly absurd than the custom which still prevails among us of calling the Greek gods by the Roman names,—as absurd and as misleading, if we care to recognize national distinctions at all, as if we were to call them Odin, Osiris, or Nergal. The original Roman, or rather Italian religion, is shown by our author to have been as homogeneous and as widely acknowledged through the peninsula, as the worship of Zeus, Apollo, and Artemis was through Greece. The process by which this simple national faith was first modified by the association of new divinities, as the Dioscuri, Apollo, Bacchus, Cybele, &c., then gradually undermined by the new rites, until the grand old state religion had become a senseless medley of Roman, Etruscan, Greek, all manner of forms and creeds, and all lifeless, — and the popular traditions and customs were forgotten and fell into desuetude, so that Varro and Virgil themselves could hardly rescue them from oblivion, — is the worthy theme of the most characteristic portion of this treatise. Of course a large proportion of the book is taken up with the ceremonies which formed so large a part of the Roman religion; a good deal too is speculation, and discussion rather curious than valuable, but as a whole it is well worthy of its place in the series.

NOVELS AND TALES.

EVER since "Jane Eyre" took the public by surprise with the wealth of its revelation of interior life, it has been the fashion, especially of female novelists, to give us a full transcript of their thoughts, fancies, affections, trials, and hopes. Sometimes this transcript takes the form of autobiography, generally of a life devoid of incident; sometimes, of exhortation, more or less morbid or pious according to the age or ability of the writer; sometimes, of delineation of character which has no counterpart in anything at all likely to become a woman's experience. The introspective autobiography has been overdone. No person of original genius or force of mind can indulge further in this style of thing, unless a new path is opened, or new depths revealed, unexpected heretofore.

Nobody can accuse the author of "Ethel's Love-Life" * of having discovered any new ways or revealed any hidden springs of thought and action in the female heart. Why her work is called a novel, is puzzling to the reader. In the series of autobiographical letters which Ethel Sutherland writes to her lover, one seeks in vain for the evidence of the fresh, absorbing, regenerating love which she so intensely professes. She undertakes to lay bare her heart, and she goes about the work with all the coolness of a surgeon on a battle-field. But, unfortunately, it happens that it is a *post mortem* examination of the affections. No blood follows the lance which seems to probe the heart to the core. All is dry, cold, nerveless.

* Ethel's Love-Life. By Mrs. M. J. M. SWEAT. New York: Rudd and Carleton.

Yet we think Mrs. Sweat has given indications of superior ability. The book is, on the whole, well written; and will be read by many thoughtful and quiet persons with calm interest, and perhaps advantage. But we doubt whether it will be better for them than their own thoughts; or, if so, than their own writings. Let those who are troubled with the doubts, questionings, longings, and dissatisfied aspirations incident to the afternoon of married or unmarried life, pen their confessions if they choose; but before publishing, let them follow the Horatian maxim. We have books enough, Heaven knows, unless they are better; and a work of this kind is more thoroughly forgotten in nine years if published, than if quietly laid on the shelf, and not taken down again until the years of probation are finished.

MOST of the stories contained in the libraries of Catholic religious fiction are too full of miracle, marvel, and pious rhapsody, to repay an unbelieving reader. The legendary chaff in their historical romances is out of all proportion to the genuine wheat. The two works here noticed* are not without fault in this respect. Both convert and Cardinal have anticipated in their narrations some customs of later origin, and have embellished history by their devout fancy. But the sin of neither is excessive in this direction; and, in justice to Dr. Newman, it should be said that he disclaims in his Preface any intention of writing real history, or giving the lives of actual men and women. Most of his characters are fictitious. Dr. Wiseman, on the other hand, writes of real historical personages, and in his disposition of their fate, and his delineation of their characters, has followed with tolerable fairness the record of the Church.

In "*Fabiola*" we are introduced to a considerable number of Diocletian's martyrs; — the lovely patrician, Agnes; Sebastian, the mark of African arrows; Pancratius, the noble boy, whose name is as familiar in London as in Rome; the strong Quadratus; and many others of lesser note. The fortunes of these, for the purpose of dramatic effect, have been interwoven, involving some anachronism; but, in the main, we cannot complain that the Catholic annals have been distorted. "*Fabiola*" is a very well-executed specimen of its class. It describes minutely and vividly the Pagan and Christian life in Rome at the close of the third century, the spirit of the higher and of the lower classes, the scenes in the streets, the ceremonies and construction of the subterranean churches, the methods which Christians were compelled to take to escape detection, the bloody sports of the amphitheatre, and the horror and fury of the last Pagan persecution of the Church. The style of the Cardinal is admirably fitted to this kind of writing. It is warm and florid, and belongs much more appropriately to romantic story-telling than to calm biography. It is the style of an enthusiast,

* *Fabiola*; or, *The Church of the Catacombs*. By His Eminence CARDINAL WISEMAN. 1857. 12mo. pp. 385.

Callista: a Sketch of the Third Century. By Very Rev. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D. 1856. 12mo. pp. 296. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co.

who is restrained from extravagance only by a constant sense of official dignity. There are no marks of carelessness or haste, and the Cardinal is evidently chary of any statement for which he can be called in question by Catholic authorities. Fabiola's conversion from Paganism to Christianity is very fairly wrought; and the temptation which usually overcomes sectarian novelists to make the passion of *love* lead the proselyting cause, is here resisted. The daughter of Fabius is not converted by any carnal affection, not even by friendship or gratitude. Her lover, and her cousin, and her preserver, all have died before she yields to conviction and takes Christian vows. The immediate influence is the sight of Christian courage under suffering. The martyrdom of her friends, and not her affection for them, finally persuades her. "Fabiola," on the whole, deserves the popularity which it has gained as a Catholic tale, and has much to entertain and instruct every class of readers.

"Callista," though by no means an uninteresting book, is, as a work of art, considerably inferior to "Fabiola." The language is often coarse, flashy, and incorrect, very unlike to the chaste and elegant diction of Dr. Newman's theological works. Without his name on the title-page, we never should have suspected the chief of the "Tractarian" converts of writing in so cheap a dialect. The idea of the book is borrowed from Dr. Wiseman, but its treatment is imitated rather from Samuel Warren and Harrison Ainsworth. The scene is laid in Africa in the middle of the third century, the time of the Decian persecution. The only important historical name that is introduced is that of Cyprian. The purpose is to show how African Christians lived, and what arguments they used in their conflicts with Greek philosophy, Roman discipline, and Numidian barbarity. The success of the attempt is very indifferent. The arguments are never well put, and never finished; nor does Dr. Newman seem very thoroughly to understand the spirit of the age he has undertaken to describe. One has an uneasy suspicion that he is thinking more about the theological conflicts of England in the nineteenth century, and is attempting under this cover to describe them, instead of fixing his thought upon the disputes of the Carthaginian state. May not the brothers Agellius and Juba, the one half a Catholic at the first and a full Catholic in the end, after much doubting and weakness, the other a Christian child, but through pride a bold free-thinker, driven at last into madness and idiocy by his restless self-righteousness, — may not these stand for two brothers who were once at Oxford together, but now have become widely separate, one a priest and a monk, the other a Deist and an "infidel"?

In "Callista" there is a want of finish and a want of heartiness. The writer is not at home in his business. Yet there is talent in the book, as there must be in anything that Dr. Newman produces. He cannot write commonplaces. His intellect has a certain masculine grasp, which makes it strong in its hold upon the reader's attention, even though it seem to be trying to commend falsehood. It was a great gain to the Roman Church when it could win such a man. The author pleads as an excuse for the apparent want of finish in this book,

that it was composed at intervals, and that it was interrupted by other duties. He intended that it should have remained anonymous, and seems to regret that his name should have been connected with it. This regret is judicious. As an anonymous work, "*Callista*" would have passed respectably; but it cannot add anything to the reputation of Dr. Newman, either as a scholar or a writer.

Some other works of Sadlier's series we should be glad to notice, if our limits allowed, and hope hereafter to speak of the recent volume upon the Jesuit missions in Japan and Paraguay, as upon the third volume of Huc's Christianity in China, soon to be published.

THE dealings of that very wicked and mystical fraternity, the Society of Jesus, will, for a long time to come, supply with a suitable theme novelists in want of material. There can be no harm in abusing a class of men who have so bad a history, and such underhand ways of doing things. That terrible vow of Jesuit *submission* is the key to innumerable crimes. Anything may be expected from those who have surrendered all personal will, and who act only as parts of a great machine. It is impossible for the critic to suggest improbabilities in the narrative of their villanies. All shapes of iniquity may be presumed in them. Do we not know beforehand that they are fit for nothing but treasons, stratagems, and spoils?

Mrs. Trollope has acted upon this presumption in her novel of *Father Eustace*.* But she is to be commended for her moderation in presenting the character of the Holy Brotherhood. She treats us to a sufficiency of plotting, but quite spares us the horrors which a less practised novel-writer would have scattered over the pages. There is no spectacle of torture-chambers, and no actual murder. The way in which Father Eustace, the Jesuit who has dared to allow it possible for a Jesuit to have a conscience, disappears and reappears, remains to the end unexplained. The chief crime of the Order, to which the other scandals of the book are subordinate, consists in the scheme of Father Sciatavoli, the General of the Fraternity, to get possession of the estates of an English heiress, whose mother is a Protestant, but whose father had been a Catholic. The book begins with an account of the death of this Romanist bigot, and furnishes us with a portrait of his old Jesuit chaplain. It is only necessary to read these opening chapters to know the view of the fraternity which the author proposes to give. You feel certain that the cunning priests are going to come very near succeeding in their schemes, but that they will be foiled in the end.

The story, on the whole, is well managed and interesting, though there is rather too much of it. The characters are numerous, well drawn, and distinct in their individuality. The aristocrats of wealth and the aristocrats of blood are impartially ridiculed, and the dashing hoyden comes in for a share of the sarcasm. The hot-blooded Adelaide Stanberry, the timid and shrinking Fanny Clarence, the dignified but conscientious Lady Sarah, and the pure-hearted, imaginative Juliana De Morley, are

* *Father Eustace. A Tale of the Jesuits. By MRS. TROLLOPE. London: Knight and Son. 16mo. pp. 550.*

all drawn with admirable discrimination. The male portraits are not so successful. The four Messrs. Rowley, the two Messrs. Curtis, the burly Mr. Raymond, and the excellent Mr. Wardour, clergyman of the Church of England, have no particular significance. Five Jesuits appear, each unlike the other. Father Ambrose is a type of the honest, but weak-minded and superstitious Jesuit; Father Edgar, of the sceptical and worldly Jesuit, who stays in the ranks only because he loves to contrive plots and help on villanies; Father Eustace, of the noble and accomplished young man, whom too much reverence has brought into a false position; Sister Agatha, of the ambitious nun, who hopes for personal preferment in her faithful service; and Sciatavoli, of all the gloomy and mystic grandeur of the Order.

It is getting to be the fancy of Parisian novel-writers to choose Oriental themes. The brilliant "mummy" story of M. Theophile Gautier has been speedily succeeded by a romance of the Lebanon.* What next, but that Petra and Sinai shall become the scene of some exciting work of fiction? "The Virgin of the Lebanon" is rather a sentimental than a humorous story. M. Enault is a passionate writer enough, but he has in his style none of that delicate French irony, none of that quaint epigram, which make the charm of such writers as Reybaud, About, and Méry. He is brilliant, yet not sparkling. His descriptions are redundant in the brightness of their colors, but he cannot see or tell the ludicrous features of any scene. The charm of his style is in its warmth, its glow, and its purity.

In this romance, M. Enault has evidently intended to do more than make an exciting love-story. He has aimed to exhibit, in a series of pictures, the varieties of life in the Lebanon mountains, the customs of the people, the religious opinions, the culture and the scenery of a region, which left upon his mind, as it must upon the mind of every traveller, the impression of marvellous capabilities and marvellous beauty. In some of his descriptions there is great extravagance. His account of the palaces of the Maronite and Druse Emirs borrows somewhat of the Oriental hyperbole. His heroes are of a more chivalrous kind than the actual chiefs of the Lebanon, the best of whom are semi-barbarians. Some of the incidents of the story are improbable. Making fair allowance for such exaggerations, the volume may be considered a success. It brings before us the Druse, the Maronite, the Bedouin, the fanatic Moslem dervish, the warlike Ibrahim of Egypt, the merchants of Damascus, the lazy Syrian soldiery, — the convents, hidden in the caves of the mountain, the villages on the hills, the ruins of Baalbec, and the hoary grove of the Cedars, the luxury of Eden and the dreary gorges of Anti-Libanus, — the sports of the Meedan, the feast of hospitality, the wedding feast, and the starting for battle, — midnight council among the rocks and midday attack in the city, — the initiation of a Druse Ockal, — all the most characteristic sights and scenes of that picturesque home of

* *La Vierge du Liban*. Par LOUIS ÉNAULT. Paris: Hachette. 1858. 16mo. pp. 440.

so many and such bold races. The epoch of the story is about fifteen or twenty years ago, when the Pacha of Egypt was in rebellion against the Sultan of Stamboul.

M. Enault writes mostly from his own recollections, though he has assisted his memory by reliable authorities. We have noted very few mistakes, except of exaggeration. His statement, that only three or four villages of the Maronites have *bells* upon their chapels, is quite below the truth. We have heard from the hill of Zachleh half a score at least ringing together; and almost every village and convent in the northern Lebanon is provided with them. The sentiment in which M. Enault is pleased to indulge, suggested by the sound of the Lebanon bell, would be more affecting, were it not so palpably borrowed from Schiller's poem. The reason, too, which M. Enault gives, why Eastern priests are allowed to marry, is not the real reason. The Pope has no such supremacy among the Maronites, that he can change their customs or dictate their domestic arrangements.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

MRS. HORNBY'S Letters about Stamboul* and its neighborhood are spirited and entertaining, yet they would be much improved by condensation. There is a flavor of gossip in these redundant details which were best abated. The temperament of the lady, ardent and enthusiastic, is not the best temperament for one who is to report concerning Oriental manners; and Mrs. Hornby's judgments, concerning the races of the East and their customs, must be taken with large abatement. She describes well, but she does not always observe wisely. She has an admirable sense of fitness in costume, and a practised eye in the combination of colors, whether in dress or in scenery. She can paint the shores of the Bosphorus, the sweet waters of Europe, the illuminations of Ramazan, or the festivities of Christmas; the interior of a mosque, a monastery, an ambassador's palace, or an Effendi's harem; shepherds in the field, soldiers in the camp, tradesmen in the streets, or voyagers on the sea;—and with her dresses and decorations you shall find no fault. But, after finishing these sixty-one letters, you feel that you have not learned anything of special interest about the people of Stamboul; not so much, certainly, as one who stayed there so long and saw so much ought to tell. The book is a good one to amuse hours of leisure, but must not be taken as authority. It is issued in excellent style.

A HANDBOOK of Syrian travel† is now placed in our hands, presenting, in as brief a compass as possible, the most important advice for safety, comfort, and improvement, during a journey still exceedingly severe and very little profitable. Besides supplying this last link in the chain of guide-books belonging to the "Grand Route," the faithful mis-

* In and around Stamboul. By MRS. EDMUND HORNBY. Philadelphia: James Challen and Son. 1858. 12mo. pp. 500.

† Murray's Handbook for Syria and Palestine. By Rev. J. L. PORTER. London. 1858. 2 vols. 12mo.

sionary at Damascus has given more than was necessary of history and chronology, has interwoven descriptive passages from eminent travellers, and has furnished one of the best geographies of the Holy Land anywhere to be found, though in an arrangement too awkward and repetitious for general use. Each town and village is taken up in connection with some particular day's or week's journey, so that the central places have to occur repeatedly, while to some of the distant points of interest we have to wade through heaps of insignificant ruins. De Saulcy is shown up as an ingenious inventor of memorable sites; the American Expedition receives but stinted praise; while Dr. Robinson is justly quoted as an authority not to be impeached, and Stanley's recent work is cited frequently.

Like the rest of those red-covered duodecimos, nicknamed the Englishman's Bible, from the devotion with which John Bull is seen studying them before Gothic altars, and in the midst of kneeling crowds, Murray's Syria is concise, yet full; descriptive, but not imaginative; eminently practical, yet sprinkled with poetry; minute, and yet comprehensive; permanent in general interest, though not without an occasional change in the lesser details. The following story of successful resistance to Bedouin outrage is one of the many interesting narratives which relieve Mr. Porter's itinerary. A little round tower near Gath was the scene of such a contest in 1856 as would do honor to any land. Nearly fifty Arabs, half on dromedaries, half on horses, attacked the little village of Dhikrin. The shepherds had just time to hurry their flocks within the narrow lanes and little courts, when the storm of war burst upon them. The nine men rushed into their tower, unslung their long guns, and prepared for defence; whilst the women and children retreated to an adjoining cavern. A successful shot at the leader of the bandits obliged him to retire: others took his place, but were wounded. The ruffians then tried the east side, where the ascent was easier, but were repulsed, and several men and horses shot down. They then retreated, and, picketing their animals, advanced to the attack in two parties on opposite sides. The shepherds armed themselves with stones, as well as clubs, shovels, and other weapons. On a given signal, the Arabs sprang up and fired a volley, but were allowed to approach within twenty yards, when five shepherds fired, and five of their enemies lay biting the dust. The leader, however, scaled the crumbling wall, when a woman felled him to the earth with a club. A second follower found the same fate, which none were hardy enough to venture upon any more. Meanwhile, the other band were driving off the flocks and setting fire to the houses; but a few shots determined them to retreat, and the women were soon able to extinguish the flames without serious damage. (Vol. I. p. 255.)

The description of Beyroot, in the second volume, is the best yet given, and that of Damascus worthy of him who is devoting the best years of his life to that distant and difficult mission.

JUST as our country, without knowing it, is drifting into a war with Paraguay, a nation of which it knows nothing, for causes on which it is almost as little informed, a book by Mr. Page,* — the officer who was sent out to survey the rivers of the Argentine system, — whose vessel was insulted by a Paraguayan fort, and who knows more than any one else knows of all the mysteries of the new war, is particularly acceptable.

The immense system of rivers which waters half South America, and finds its mouth in the vast estuary known as the La Plata, is, in many of its parts, as little known to the civilized world now, as it was when that estuary was first discovered. By an inconceivable infatuation, the government of Spain refused to develop the interior navigation of those streams, lest the productions of their own provinces in the West should be brought by the La Plata to Europe! Why should they not be brought by the best way? Because two Spanish trading-companies, which had the exclusive privilege of bringing them round Cape Horn would be injured if the king of Spain received his own treasures by the most convenient routes!

After the Spanish domination was thrown off, a like result has followed the nominal independence of these provinces, under the mutual internecine contests which seem inevitable to people of the Celtic race who have been trained under the influences of Rome. The Dictator Francia, Governor of Paraguay as long as he lived, took especial pains to prevent any foreign nations from receiving information as to his dominions. Since his fall, the whole tribe of petty states around Paraguay, and that province itself, have been all too weak to conduct any surveys of their own magnificent water-courses. And when our own government, therefore, in one of those sudden outbursts of scientific zeal which seizes it sometimes, sent an officer to survey those rivers, we certainly had the same rights to conduct such an investigation as any civilized nation has in sending similar expeditions into Africa or Borneo or New Holland. The native governments received the *Water-Witch* and her commander, Mr. Page, with sufficient cordiality, and seem to have understood that, whether his own nation would be recompensed for the expedition or no, they must themselves profit by it. Some coolness, however, appeared at last on the part of the President of Paraguay, and eventually one of his forts fired into one of Lieutenant Page's vessels. Out of this transaction grows our present war with that so-called republic.

Of all the survey, and all its political connections, a very good sketch is given in Lieutenant Page's volume. It is one of the best of the recent geographical reports by our own officers, but for some reason the government refused to publish it. It will not therefore be ranked among their badly printed reports of useless surveys, but comes to us published under Mr. Page's own supervision, by the Messrs. Harper. It is well illustrated.

* *La Plata, the Argentine Confederation, and Paraguay.* By THOMAS J. PAGE, U. S. Navy. With a Map and numerous Engravings. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1859. Svo. pp. 632.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AMONG the attractive issues of the past winter is a small volume of poems, entitled "The Olive and the Pine,"* to the authorship of which no hint is given on the title-page. It is a series of contrasted pictures of Castilian and American still-life, the first half of the volume being devoted to Spain, the second half to New England. The tone of the volume is modest, thoughtful, and serious, and the style is simple, yet the author proves her skill in many metres, and her sympathy with other moods than the mood of sadness. She has presented not less distinctly the tinkle of the Andalusian guitar and the swaggering impudence of the Spanish dandy, than the parting of Boabdil from the Alhambra, and the holy radiance of Murillo's Madonna. Close to the picture of sunlight on the turrets of Seville, is the companion piece of shadow on the gloomy mass of the Escorial. Equally beautiful are some of the New England sketches, especially the fragment entitled "The Ocean at Beverly" and "The Broken Home." This last poem, in our judgment, is the finest thing in the volume.

We have taken it for granted that these poems are from the hand of a lady, and, we shall venture to add, of a lady who has been some time resident in Spain, and has seen what she describes. We would fain believe that the success of this unpretending volume may reveal another name worthy to be added to the growing list of American poets.

IN speaking of the Cyclopædia of Commerce not long since, we ventured the assertion that, at the present time, the best expenditure of money by a working literary man, who needs books of reference, would be made in the purchase of the separate special Cyclopædias. This statement holds good at least until the completion of some of the larger general Cyclopædias now in progress. We repeat it in connection with Mr. Allibone's astonishing volume,* just now published. In nearly two months that it has lain before us, in the constant tests to which daily life applies it, it has not once failed us. And with each reference to it we are more amazed at the combination of diligence, literary skill, and unfaltering memory which it displays.

Our readers will be good enough to remember, that in the great *Biographie Universelle*, in fifty-two volumes, there are 23,500 biographies. Subsequent French researches brought up one biographical dictionary to nearly 29,000 titles, exhibiting the fame of all the world. Let the reader consider then the exquisite diligence of investigation which has brought out accurately the names of thirty thousand authors in the English language only, and let him gratefully praise the conscientious labor which has prepared the biographies of these authors, and arranged them so that all men may profit by the information thus collected. The difficulty of the task is vastly enhanced, and the value of its com-

* The Olive and the Pine. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1859. 16mo.

† A Critical Dictionary of English Literature. By S. AUSTIN ALLIBONE. Philadelphia: Childs and Peterson.

pletion in proportion, by the obscurity in which most of these thirty thousand lived and died. It is not for facts relating to Walter Scott or to Goldsmith that we need to have such a volume in the work-room, but it is that we may distinguish between the different Griffiths, or Forbeses, or Dunns, or the like; — or that we may find whether somebody whom everybody else has forgotten was alive or dead at a particular era.

The book includes memoirs of living men, as well as those who have died, — memoirs, so far as we have observed, drawn up with curious accuracy. The first volume only is published, but it is understood that the material for the second, completing it, is well forward. And it is announced in the author's wonderful Preface, that, at the end, the reader will find forty copious indexes of subjects, by which means he can at once refer to all the authors who have written upon any given department of letters. The enumeration of authorities in his Preface is itself a most curious record of the literature of biography. It is understood that this gigantic work is from Mr. Allibone's own hand and head, without other literary assistance in the digesting and collating of authorities, but that most graceful and grateful help which every successful literary man finds in the bosom of his own home. We trust that his health may be spared for the speedy completion of an enterprise so magnificent.

We miss but one biography which we should have desired in these thousand pages. It is that of S. Austin Allibone.

THE Report of the Smithsonian Institution * for the year ending December 31, 1857, was presented on the 27th of May of the next year to the Senate of the United States, and has been distributed to the public since our last issue, with an unusual and commendable promptness. The Senate last year attempted to abridge the cost of public printing, and limited the Institution to 440 pages, — a limit which is almost exactly filled. It has hitherto happened that the printing the Annual Report of the Institution has cost the government every year more than the annual expenses of the Institution itself; as, in literature, there are some diarists who spend more of their lives in recording their actions than they do in the actions which are recorded.

The Smithsonian Institution exists under an Act of Congress of August 10, 1846, appointing a Board of Regents, who are directed to make an annual appropriation not exceeding twenty-five thousand dollars for the collection of a Library. As our readers are aware, however, the policy of its government has been to disregard the Library as far as possible, and to expend the money as far as possible for other purposes. The Treasurer's Report for 1857 shows that, for that year, two thousand and nineteen dollars were expended for books, and the rest of the income, amounting to thirty-three thousand dollars, was disposed of for other purposes: four thousand for building, furniture, &c., eleven thousand for publication, researches, and lectures, and thirteen

* Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution. Washington.

thousand for "general expenses." This must be a report very satisfactory to the Board of Regents.

This volume, of four hundred and thirty-eight pages, consists of a Report of the Officers and Regents, which occupies a quarter of the book, and of an Appendix of various scientific papers similar to those published in the transactions of scientific societies. Of the Report itself, the longest document is a defence of Professor Henry from a charge made upon him in the year 1855, by Professor Morse, with reference to the invention of the telegraph. There is also a curious account of the system of exchanges of the Institution, and a general review by the Secretary of the transactions of the year.

There is no doubt that the Smithsonian Institution not only has disappointed those enlightened statesmen who were most active in its organization, but the world of letters and the public at large. The tone of defence which appears from place to place in the Secretary's part of this document, shows that its government understands that this is its position.

PAMPHLETS.

DR. LAMSON'S Anniversary Sermon* is among the excellent of its class, — particularly ample and interesting in its details of local history, and affectionate in the tone of its personal reminiscences. We are glad to learn from it the writer's intention to embody, in a revised and permanent form, the fruits of his valuable studies of Church History, which have appeared heretofore chiefly in the pages of the Examiner.

MR. THAYER'S Valedictory Discourse† is a calm, affectionate review of the principles which have directed his twenty-eight years' ministry, a statement of the special position and duties of the office from whose cares he has withdrawn, and a commemoration of the men who have preceded him in it, or have shared its labors at his side. So pleasing a picture of an harmonious parish and a calmly prosperous ministry it is at the present day seldom given us to see.

THE sympathy so broadly felt at the attack of illness which has suddenly taken one of the most marked and bravest of American preachers from the peculiar post he occupied, has called forth the publication of his last uttered Discourse,‡ along with the Farewell Letter to the friends who have sustained him for "now nearly fifteen years." The Sermon is on false and true Religion, treated in its author's well-

* A Sermon preached October 31, 1858, the Sunday after the Fortieth Anniversary of his Ordination. By ALVAN LAMSON. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co.

† A Valedictory Discourse delivered in the First Church, Beverly, July 4, 1858. By CHRISTOPHER T. THAYER. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co.

‡ A Sermon for the New Year: What Religion may do for a Man. By THEODORE PARKER. Preached at the Music Hall, on Sunday, January 2, 1859. Boston: H. W. Swett.

known style. From the Letter we quote a single sentence: "If my labors were to end to-day, I should still say, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace,' for I think few men have seen larger results from such labors, and so brief."

WE would fain call attention, from time to time, to the very great interest and value of the stated Reports of our various charitable institutions. At present we have before us the documents relating to the Massachusetts Schools for the Idiotic and Blind.* They are characterized, like previous Reports from the same hand, by a fine blending of scientific skill with the wisdom won from long experience, by religious faith as the groundwork of practical charity, by plain counsel built on sad and startling facts, and by a firm conviction in the Christian progress of society, which will greatly lessen, if not abolish, the great calamities which now we can but imperfectly relieve. We wish that the admirable series of papers, of which these are samples, might become known to every head of a household, and every teacher of the young.

* Eleventh Annual Report of the Massachusetts School for Idiotic and Feeble-Minded Youth. Cambridge: Metcalf & Co.

Twenty-Seventh Annual Report of the Trustees of the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind. Cambridge: Metcalf & Co.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

MESSRS. Little, Brown, & Co. have added nine volumes to their series of the British Poets. Four of these complete, in a subordinate series of eight volumes, the collection of Ballads which the Editor has gathered from various sources. One of the new volumes contains the Robin Hood Ballads, another the Border Ballads, another the Historical Ballads, and the concluding one embraces a miscellaneous selection from the Humorous, the Satirical, and the Burlesque, with an occasional intrusion of the Moral and the Scriptural, of this species of composition. A Glossary and a full Index, brief Prefaces, with illustrative notes and references, make these eight volumes of Ballads a complete and most desirable collection, independently of their relation to the whole series of Poets. The other five new volumes contain the Poetical Works of James Montgomery, with a Memoir and Prefaces, general and particular.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGY AND RELIGION.

The State of the Impenitent Dead. By Alvah Hovey. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 12mo. pp. 168.

Jesus Christ, in the Grandeur of his Mission, the Beauty of his Life, and his Final Triumph. By Edward Whitfield. London: Edward T. Whitfield. 12mo. pp. 274.

The Types of Genesis briefly considered, revealing the Development of Human Nature in the World within, and without, and in the Dispensations. By Andrew Jukes. London: Longman & Co. 12mo. pp. 407.

The Christian's Daily Treasury: a Religious Exercise for every Day in the Year. By Ebenezer Temple. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 12mo. pp. 432.

The Children's Bible Story-Book. Illustrated with 20 Engravings. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. 16mo. pp. 290.

Christian Brotherhood: a Letter to the Hon. Heman Lincoln. By Baron Stow, D. D. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 18mo. pp. 208.

ESSAYS, ETC.

Lectures and Addresses on Literary and Social Topics. By the late Frederick W. Robertson. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 318. (See p. 294.)

Morality and the State. By Simeon Nash. Columbus, Ohio: Follett, Foster, & Co. 12mo. pp. 442. (See p. 295.)

Christian Morals. By James Challen. Philadelphia: James Challen & Co. 18mo. pp. 199.

An Outline of the Necessary Laws of Thought; a Treatise on Pure and Applied Logic. By William Thomson, D. D., Provost of the Queen's College, Oxford. From the Fourth London Edition. Cambridge: John Bartlett. 12mo. pp. 345.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

The Land and the Book; or Biblical Illustrations drawn from the Manners and Customs, the Scenes and Scenery of the Holy Land. By W. M. Thomson. (Maps, Engravings, &c.) New York: Harper & Brothers. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 560, 614.

La Plata, the Argentine Confederation, and Paraguay. Being a Narrative of the Exploration of the Tributaries of the River La Plata, and Adjacent Countries, during the Years 1853-1856. By Thomas J. Page, U. S. N. With Map and Numerous Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 632. (See p. 304.)

Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa, being a Journal of an Expedition undertaken under the Auspices of H. B. M.'s Government in the Years 1849-1855. By Henry Barth. Vol. III. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 800.

Episodes of French History during the Consulate and the First Empire. By Miss Pardoe. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 361.

Faukwei; or, The San Jacinto in the Seas of India, China, and Japan. By William Maxwell Wood, M. D., U. S. N. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 545. (Faukwei, or "foreign devil," is the name by which strangers from the West are known in China.)

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Biographies of Distinguished Scientific Men. By François Arago. (Translated.) 1st and 2d Series. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. (See p. 289.)

The Life and Remains of Douglas Jerrold. By his Son, Blanchard Jerrold. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 450.

Life of John H. W. Hawkins. Compiled by his Son, Rev. W. G. Hawkins. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co. 12mo. pp. 433. (See p. 290.)

Lives of the Queens of Scotland, and English Princesses connected with the Regal Succession of Great Britain. By Agnes Strickland. Vol. VII. (Containing the Conclusion of the Life of Mary Stuart.) New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 470.

The Monarchies of Continental Europe. The Empire of Austria; its Rise and Present Power. By John S. C. Abbott. New York: Mason Brothers. 12mo. pp. 520.

Trials of a Public Benefactor, as illustrated in the Discovery of Etherization. By Nathan P. Rice, M.D. New York: Pudney & Russell. 12mo. pp. 460.

POETRY AND FICTION.

Poems. By Frances Anne Kemble. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 16mo. pp. 312.

The Poetical Works of Fitz-Greene Halleck. New York: Appleton & Co. 16mo. (Blue and Gold.)

Poems, by George P. Morris; with Illustrations by Weir and Darley. Engraved by American Artists. 4th Edition. New York: Charles Scribner. 8vo. pp. 365. (Crimson, Gilt.)

Sylvan Holt's Daughter. By Holme Lee. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 422.

The Laird of Norlaw. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 390.

Household Waverley.—Count Robert of Paris. 2 vols. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The Old Plantation, and what I gathered there in an Autumn Month. By James Hungerford. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 369.

EDUCATION.

A New and Easy Method of Learning the German Language. By F. Ahn. 1st Course. 1st American from the 8th London Edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 125.

Le Cabinet des Fées; or, Recreative Readings, arranged for the express Use of Students in French. By Georges Gérard. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 332.

The New Liber Primus: a Practical Companion for the Latin Grammar, and Introduction to the Reading and Writing of Latin; on the Plan of Crosby's Greek Lessons. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co. 12mo. pp. 126.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Street Thoughts. By H. M. Dexter. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 12mo. pp. 216.

The Scouring of the White House; or, The Long Vacation Ramble of a London Clerk. By the Author of "Tom Brown's School Days." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 324.

European Life, Legend, and Landscape. By an Artist. Philadelphia: James Challen & Son. 8vo. pp. 154.

Howe's Drawing-Room Dances, &c. Arranged for the Piano-Forte. Boston: Hubbard W. Swett. Square 8vo. pp. 94.

The American Almanac, and Repository of Useful Knowledge for the Year 1859. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 12mo. pp. 384.

Annual Obituary Notices of Eminent Persons who have died in the United States. For the Year 1857. By Nathan Crosby. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 8vo. pp. 432.

The Manual of Chess, by Charles Kenny. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo. pp. 122. (A new appearance of quite an old friend.)

The Comedies of Terence, literally translated into English Prose, with Notes. By Henry Thomas Riley. To which is added the Blank Verse Translation of George Colman. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 609.

Brief Expositions of Rational Medicine, to which is prefixed the Paradise of Doctors, a Fable. By Jacob Bigelow, M. D. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. pp. 69.

Reply to the "Statement of the Trustees" of the Dudley Observatory. By Benjamin Apthorp Gould, Jr. Albany: Charles Van Benthuysen. 8vo. pp. 366.

The Massachusetts Register, containing a Record of the Government and Institutions of the State, together with a Variety of Useful Information, for the Year 1859. (Serial number, 93.) Boston: Adams, Sampson, & Co. 8vo. pp. 303.

PAMPHLETS.

Eleventh Annual Report of the Massachusetts School for Idiotic and Feeble-Minded Youth. Cambridge: Metcalf & Co. pp. 42.

Twenty-Seventh Annual Report of the Trustees of the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind. Cambridge: Metcalf & Co. pp. 36. (See p. 308.)

A Sermon preached Oct. 31, 1858, the Sunday after the 40th Anniversary of his Ordination. By Alvan Lamson, D. D. Published by Request. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. pp. 63. (See p. 307.)

Tracts for Thinking Men and Women. No. 4. The Rights of Wrong; or, Is Evil Eternal? By C. F. Hudson. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co. pp. 16.

A Valedictory Discourse delivered in the First Church, Beverly, July 4, 1858. By C. T. Thayer. Published by Request. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. pp. 52. (See p. 307.)

Who is our God, — the Son or the Father? a Review of Rev. H. W. Beecher, by Thomas J. Sawyer. New York: Thatcher & Hutchinson. pp. 39.

State University of Michigan. A Catalogue of Officers and Students for 1859. Ann Arbor. pp. 63.

Ninth Annual Report of the Association for the Relief of Aged Indigent Females. Boston: John Wilson & Son. pp. 49.

Twenty-Sixth Annual Report of the Seamen's Aid Society of the City of Boston. pp. 31.